THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ROSE LEAVES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

How the splendid roses
Royally bloom and blow!
My heart feels drawn towards them
As 't were a rose also.

Oh, lovely, lovely roses,
You put me to the blush;
More sweet than a thousand poems,
Your breath, your passionate flush.

And could I sing in color,
Or in a rich perfume,
I'd be a rose in earnest,
And with you blow and bloom!

II.

Roses as fresh as the morning!
Maidens as fair as the May!
Which is the fairest among them,
How shall the gazer say?

The maiden with love in her bosom,—
The rosebud with dew at her breast,—
Oh, she, among roses and maidens,
Is freshest, and fairest, and best.

III.

Go, liken the pearl to moonlight,
The diamond to streams that run
Like a laugh o'er the face of the meadow,
Under a mid-day sun;

But I, among gems, will honor
The ruby as royal alone;
For all the souls of the roses
Live on in the glowing stone!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

THE LADY OF PLAS TYRION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY HOWITT.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

THE ELECTION.

Emily was more delighted with Hailes-Hall than she expected. It was at the same time grand and picturesque, and fortunately required a great deal doing to it, which, according to her ideas, was an especial advantage. She detested inaction of any kind, and her creative mind and fine taste immediately conceived a thousand plans of alteration and improvement which her husband said would take seven years to complete.

"All the better," replied she, "for then I am quite sure of seven happy years, and by that time Ernest will be nearly fifteen."

And this remark brings to mind a peculiarity of Emily's, which, simple as it was, proved how wonderfully her affection for her child was woven into her being. She constantly measured the flight of time, and chronicled events by the life of her little son; he was the tablet of her memory, as well as the idol of her heart; thus, in speaking of some past occurrence, she would say, "Ernest was then nearly three years old," or, "I remember that perfectly, for it was on Ernest's birthday; he was then four years old," and so on. It was the same also, as regarded the future; thus, she now calculated the completion of the proposed work at Hailes-Hall; he would then be nearly fifteen.

But to return to Hailes-Hall, which she gladly and readily contemplated as their home.—Her mind was filled at once with a thousand plans. The beautiful group of Maternal Love, for the completion of which three years were to be allowed, was to stand in a temple-like niche of the drawing-room, made especially for its reception. A picture gallery, a library, new conservatories and flower-gardens, everything which could contribute to pleasure and beautify and embellish life, were rapidly planned and decided upon, Franklin merely asking for himself a quiet, but large and lofty room, the higher in the house the better, to be fitted up as his laboratory, where he could have all his apparatus, and his grand telescope for the observation of the heavens. A laboratory and a tower for astronomical observation, had always been the summit of Franklin's wishes for himself; but hitherto a third-rate room, at the back of his house, had served his purposes, for he was naturally too unselfish and too earnest a student to think much about the place in which he worked and studied; and many a time, when his wife was laying out money so lavishly at Plas Tyrion, she had felt a pang of self-reproach, and wished that her husband could have his observatory. Now, therefore, the opportunity was come; he should have a tower erected as an upper story to his observatory. A tower would be a great improvement, and she made a beautiful design for the purpose, in accordance with the architecture and style of the house. But Franklin demurred about the tower, which would be very expensive, and if his wife carried her other plans into execution, too great an outlay would be required. A large room, with ready access to a portion of the roof, which was flat, would serve his purpose sufficiently.

Emily had now a subject of engrossing interest to occupy her mind. The only drawback to her beloved Plas Tyrion was, that it was now made so perfect there was nothing left but to enjoy it. The grand plans, therefore, for Hailes-Hall came to a mind ready to receive them, and all her thoughts rushed for the time into that channel. For twelve months, however, at least, the place would not be ready for their occupation as a home; therefore, during that time, excepting as regarded the attention which these preliminary alterations would require, everything must remain in its accustomed routine; the large house in Liverpool must still continue to be the family residence, and Emily and little Ernest still enjoy, for one summer more, their beautiful Plas Tyrion.

And now the time of the election approached. Lord Little was announced as one of the Liberal candidates, and was welcomed, as Franklin had foretold, by a large and influential party. For a time, all promised to go on smoothly. He came down, attended by his friend Dallas Wynwode, "one of the greatest minds of the age," said the Liberal paper in their interest, "one of those powerful intellects, the influence of which, on every advanced question of political or moral truth, is felt like the invisible forces of nature, without which the universe itself could not be sustained—potent though unseen." People often seem to lose their senses at elections, so do newspapers; therefore, extravagant language, like the above, was employed by ecstatic editors with regard to a man totally devoid of honesty or honor. Down he came from his lofty sphere in the capital, to achieve two masterpieces of diplomacy; to secure Lord Little a seat in the British senate, and for himself a triumph over the heart of that proud beauty whose husband had termed him a villain.

The little library of French literature, which Emily began to collect in Paris, and which Wynwode undertook to complete, arrived duly at Plas Tyrion a week or two before the great election bustle commenced. To Emily's astonishment, every volume was exquisitely bound, and the whole set was thus uniform. The binding, she was informed, was a present to her from Lord Sevenoaks, but for its style and taste she had to thank Wynwode. It was all right. She had no objection to receive a present of this kind from the Earl, and as to Wynwode's share, it was merely a gratification of his own vanity. He liked to display his taste, and to be the great man, even with a bookbinder. Thus reasoned Emily with herself; nevertheless, the fragrance of that Russia leather was as the odor of incense on the shrine of vanity; and as she perused those fascinating but seductive books, and imbued her soul with the spirit that breathed through them, she lived over again those splendid syren-weeks in Paris, and a restless craving after the adulation and triumph which she there enjoyed, possessed her soul. One or other of those authors was never out of her hand, and she spoke only French with little Ernest. A beautiful bookcase was ordered especially to contain these volumes, and the quiet and purity of the little Plas Tyrion drawing-room was filled with the atmosphere of a Parisian salon.

The Corbetts came back to Llanfair, but they and the Arbuthnots were to be in Liverpool during the election. Emily and little Ernest returned to the large house in the town, and Franklin went so far out of his usual course, as to give a great electioneering dinner to Lord Little, Mr. Dallas Wynwode and the heads of their party.

The canvassing began a week before the election; and Lady Frances Corbett, the beautiful sister of Lord Little, as people said, and Mrs. Franklin, the still more beautiful wife of the great John Franklin, merchant of their own town, and the future possessor of Hailes-Hall, with their two lovely children, like a couple of little angels, sitting opposite to them, on the back seat, drove in a splendid open carriage from one voter to another, wherever it was thought that female beauty and persuasion would have influence. And where have they it not? The children enjoyed it infinitely; not less the mothers, who returned home each evening with the most wonderful and amusing stories of their adventures and triumphs.

Meantime the gentlemen were not idle.—Speeches were made, and deputations received. The newspapers gave the most splendid articles every morning, and every evening supplements were published, exceeding in force and brilliancy the leaders of the morning. Wynwode's pen was unceasingly busy, and yet apparently he was rarely so employed. His rapidity astonished the provincial editors; his thoughts were like lightning flashes, and whilst he could produce an article, a taking placard, or prepare a speech, he was always at hand as regarded his friend, like the two marvellous ravens of Odin, Hugin and Murim, or memory and thought, suggesting, prompting, nay, if need were, speaking for him. Wynwode's powers of that kind might be compared to loose cash, handfulls of sovereigns ready for use—not bills for ten times the amount, perhaps, but payable a month after sight—and were exactly available for the skirmishing warfare of an election. He was in his element, and astonished and delighted every one, not only by his close argument and frequent bursts of eloquence, but by his ready replies and retorts, and even subterfuges and stratagems.

It must not, however, be supposed that the election, and nothing but the election, occupied his mind. He had time and thought for another object, to the accomplishment of which he bound himself with even more ardor than the success of the election. The pride and scorn which curled Emily's lip and flashed from her eye towards him in Paris, had been both seen and felt by him; they were the response to that line of tactics which he then chose to pursue towards her. But now he entered upon a totally different line of attack.—He vowed with himself to humble her proud beauty, and compel her to feel, if not to acknowledge, the power which he could yet exercise over her. He was master of every strategy of evil, and yet he called himself a man of honor. He was cool, guileful and cruel, and knew perfectly how to adapt his craft in the cunningest way, to the end at which he aimed. The perfection of his subtlety was, that it threw his victim off his guard, or lulled him, as it were, to sleep. In Emily's case, however, it was not, perhaps, exactly so, for she was not left without a witness in her own soul against him. But, confident in her own strength, and determined to make him feel her power, in return for the slight of former years, she threw herself into the stream of circumstances, and was borne along by it, giving herself up to all the intoxication of the moment, so that Wynwode's undisguised admiration could be not only renewed but encouraged, as a part of the general homage to beauty, another mad feature of the Carnival, as it were, and on she rushed, determined to carry the day, win the election, bring Wynwode under her influence—and then—pay the reckoning afterwards.

It was said by the opposition party, and even by their own friends, John Franklin among them, who, however, was no actor in his own person—that there never was a more corrupt election, and that the candidates, whatever the electors might be, were anything but honest. Emily said so herself, adding, however, with a gay laugh, "But now we are in for it we must go on. It is too late to be virtuous now!" and again drove forth with Lady Frances and the children for another day's triumph and success. Their canvassing had lain principally among the shopkeepers and middle classes, and as I have said, their success was very great; but the lower class voters still hung back, and it was said that nothing but money would bring them up to the hustings, and money would have been forthcoming for this or any other purpose had not a circumstance occurred, which at once won over the majority of this large class. In the midst of all the newspaper and broadside squibs and crackers, which kept the electioneering world from going to sleep during the important week which preceded the polling days, a little rocket went up, which raised a general roar of merriment, and turned, it was believed, the tide of popular favor on the side of Lord Little. This was a satirical comic song written to a somewhat vulgar but popular air, full of personality, and almost scurrilous in its satire, but carrying a point in every line, and so remarkably clear in its composition, that though it angered and offended many, yet everybody read it. This song, a mere trifle in itself, was universally talked of and blamed; nevertheless the very air seemed filled with it; it was sung through the streets, it was sold by tens of thousands, it was quoted from the hustings, in fact it appeared for the moment to have become the very soul of the election either for acclamation or censure.

"Who wrote it?" was asked by everybody. No one could say positively, but it was generally supposed that Dallas Wynwode was its author. He did not deny it, but when Emily congratulated him on his new character of poet, he returned her congratulations, and charged her point-blank with its authorship. Confounded by this charge, which she attempted, but in vain, to deny, she was at length compelled to admit that so it was, that she had written the song and sent it anonymously to the printer, of course never dreaming of being herself suspected. Wynwode was by no means displeased to be the sole depository of this secret, for Franklin was one of those who expressed the strongest disapprobation of the song, in which he said there was neither good sense, good feeling, nor common honesty. Emily, therefore, secretly terrified at what she had done, hearing her song sung at the street corners, shouted forth by drunken revellers, and blamed by those whose opinion was alone worth having, besought Wynwode to keep her counsel and never betray her, lest the truth should come to the ears of her husband.

This unfortunate circumstance gave Wynwode an advantage over Emily, which, however, whilst rejoicing over, he apparently used with the utmost delicacy. Ten times a day at least she had to thank him in her heart for assuming the authorship of the song, whether for praise or condemnation.

The great struggle of the election which had cost so much in many ways, and had yet to cost so much more, came suddenly to an end just before the polling commenced. The opposition Liberal candidate was invited by a Liberal constituency, in a distant part of the country, to take the place of a gentleman whom they were about to return, but who had suddenly died in his committee-room. Owing to this unlooked for circumstance Lord Little was elected without further opposition or trouble.

During all the excitement and disturbance of the election, whilst Emily was in the full swing of her triumphant canvassing, Mrs. Fairfield came from her quiet cottage among the Lakes upon a visit to her daughter. She had not seen her for some months, not for some time before her visit to Paris, and a restless, anxious, foreboding sentiment, she knew not why, compelled her to go to Liverpool. She arrived, as I said, in the midst of the electioneering madness, and Emily, for the first time in her life, was sorry to see her. "Why did she come just then, when she had neither time nor thought to bestow upon her?" asked that part of Emily's nature which was just then predominant.

Alas! Emily, not unconsciously, had again plunged into that vortex of feverish life into which she had been drawn in Paris, and which more fatal than any maelstrom, carried her away from that calm ocean of purity and peace in which Christ alone is the anchor and stay; and now the presence of her mother, of her who had hitherto led her to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Light, was no more welcome than was the voice of God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day, when He called to Adam and said, "Where art thou?" Emily had literally no time for her mother just then. She, however, ordered the best chamber to be prepared for her, and gave her of the best which her house contained, where all was of the best, and then taking little Ernest by the hand stepped into the carriage in which Lady Frances and her young daughter were impatiently waiting, and drove off for another day of falsehood and vanity, in which her own soul was debased, and returned to dinner in the evening, wearied, yet in a feverish state of excitement, to relate, probably to Lord Edward Little, Wynwode, and other gentlemen, in her most comic vein, some of their amusing adventures.

"Where art thou? where hast thou hidden thyself?" asked the heart of Mrs. Fairfield silently, as day after day went on, and yet there was no opportunity nor inclination on the part of her daughter for the old familiar intercourse which formerly was so precious to them both. The soul of her daughter, precious to the mother as her own life, had literally now, like Adam, hidden itself from the presence of God in her mother, among the trees of the garden. She avoided it, she fled from it; she was conscious of a great change in herself, and she, like Adam, was afraid.

Emily was now always hurried, always in a state of excitement; she had not time for her mother. When the election was over, the noble, successful candidate and his noble father returned to London; but Wynwode still remained to settle electioneering bills. He had, he said, only a very few days to spare for this purpose, nevertheless he promised one to Emily at Hailes-Hall, for, during all the bustle of the election, Franklin had paid down the large deposit, the transfer deeds were now in progress, and this noble mansion might now be called his own. Therefore leaving Ernest behind to bear his grandmother company, which Emily said was a great sacrifice, but she would do anything for her mother, she drove with him, Lady Frances, and Lady Jane to Hailes-Hall that her friends might see it before leaving the country; besides which, she wanted Mr. Wynwode, who had such exquisite taste, and who knew exactly what was most suitable for every style of architecture to look over her designs, at the place itself, and then give his suggestions. They went, and had a pic-nic luncheon on the grounds; but so much time was lost in idling about halls, in and out of the house, and everybody was so delighted and suggested so many new ideas, that no real business was done, and it was, therefore, agreed that another day should be given to it and with better results.

But the Corbetts left, and the Arbuthnots left, without this second visit having taken place.

"You must not, however, desert me," said Emily to Wynwode, "you must give me a day, a quiet day for Hailes Hall. Neither has my mother yet been there; she and Ernest shall go with us."

Wynwode was quite agreeable, and the next day was fixed for that purpose.

They went—the better part of Emily's nature warring against the wish rather to have been alone with the tempter, than to be checked and reproved by the grave looks and silence of her mother. And yet, what was there to object to; nothing, apparently; nothing in the mere outward aspect of things. Still Emily's soul shunned intercourse with her mother; a veil, a barrier, a something which separated, had come between them, an apprehension which yet had no definite ground to base itself upon, made her uneasy and silent.

But Ernest was lively enough and talkative enough, and, delighted to be the cicerone of his grandmother, he led her over the grounds, and from room to room, doing the honors of all with the most hearty good will.

"And this is to be my room, grandmamma," said he, leading her into a chamber of most attractive character. "Is it not nice, opening into mamma's boudoir; she likes me to be near her; and is it not lovely with all those little angels in the ceiling, and then there's such a beautiful window! When I am older, mamma says that this door, which is now fastened up, is to be opened, and so I shall go into the corridor without passing through her room—and you know that will be right when I am a great boy. Is it not nice, grandmamma? But I don't think I shall really like Hailes-Hall better than Plas Tyrion, because there are the mountains, my pony, and Jack."

"Who is Jack?" asked the grandmother.

"Don't you know Jack, grandmamma?" said the boy, as if in amazement at her ignorance, "he's my dog—I love Jack; he loves me. He is a big, Newfoundland fellow. You should see him, though!"

"But you can have the pony and Jack at Hailes-Hall, as well as at Plas Tyrion," said his grandmother.

"Jack does not like any place but Plas Tyrion," replied the child. "We once took him with us to Liverpool, and after he had been there a day we missed him, and thought he was stolen; and a week afterwards David Williams wrote to say that Jack was come back again, so thin and tired he didn't know what to do; and he must have gone from Liverpool to Plas Tyrion all the way back again—but not by the steamer, for papa inquired—so he must have gone all the way round by land, hundreds of miles, I dare say, and he never had been that way in all his life—never! Now is not that nice, grandmamma?—and I am so fond of Jack; and I am always sorry to leave Plas Tyrion, because I know he doesn't like our going away. Will you go back with us to Plas Tyrion? We are going next week, and then you shall see Jack; he's quite black, and you are sure to like him."

"I think not, my darling," said Mrs. Fairfield; "I shall stay with your mamma till you go, and then return home. But where are your mamma and Mr. Wynwode?" said she, suddenly recurring to them; "let us go and seek for them."

"Oh, there they are!" exclaimed the child, pointing to a not distant part of the grounds, through the pleasant window of his intended bed-room, where the two were slowly walking together, along a broad terrace walk, apparently in deep conversation.

"I think they are very happy together, grandmamma; they don't want us," said he, very naively, "I think Mr. Wynwode likes mamma—and, oh, grandmamma, I'll tell you something so queer!" added he, but hesitated; "no, I can't, though," again said he.

"Why not?" asked his grandmother.

"Because mamma said I must not tell anybody; neither papa nor you."

Mrs. Fairfield was more troubled by a circumstance of concealment, let it be what it might, thus betrayed by the single-heartedness of the child, and then made doubly suspicious by his conscientious reticence, than she was willing to confess even to herself.

The circumstance was simply this: the preceding day, Emily having left Ernest for a few minutes with Wynwode in a drawing room, at Liverpool, on returning, met the child on the stairs, looking very angry and brushing his cheek very roughly with the sleeve of his coat, till it was quite scarlet.

"What is amiss?" said she, "why are you rubbing your cheek so?" and she took him down with her into the dining-room, in which was no one; "why have you rubbed your cheek so, my darling? you have almost taken the skin off."

Tears were in the child's eyes, and he said, speaking angrily,

"I don't like Mr. Wynwode to kiss me in that way, mamma!"

"In what way!" asked his mother.

"When you kiss me, mamma, as you did just now, he kisses me in the same place—and I don't like it!"

A strange sensation passed through Emily's whole being, and her countenance was crimson—

"You must not say so, Ernest," she said, "you are mistaken, my darling."

"No, I'm not, mamma!" said the child, stoutly, "he has done so before—I don't like it!"

"He shall not do it again," she said, and taking him on her knee, she laid his head against her breast, smoothed his ruffled hair with her delicate hands, and tenderly kissed him.

"I like you to kiss me!" said the child, "but not Mr. Wynwode!"

"And now, my Ernest," said his mother, really frightened by his pertinacity, "never let me hear you speak of this again—and never, above all things, say a word about it to your grandmamma or papa."

"No, I won't," said the child, "but Mr. Wynwode did though!"

"Well, he shall never do it again!" repeated his mother.

It was an awkward thing to lay an injunction of this kind on Wynwode, but Emily felt desperate, and returning to the drawing-room, she said, speaking in her natural tone,

"You have offended Ernest grievously, Mr. Wynwode. I don't know what you have been doing to him—but whatever it may be, I must beg of you to do so no more. He is a very sensitive child—and I shall take it as a personal favor, that you do not again offend him in this way."

Wynwode knew from her manner, knew from the insight which he had acquired into her character, that she was aware of his peculiar offence, but he did not perceive any evidence of displeasure on her part, and he promised obedience to her wishes, in this instance and every other.

When Ernest and his grandmother had reached the terrace, the two whom they sought were not there. They must be gone round by the rhododendron walk he suggested; it was so lonely and pretty there; his father had shown him a throstle's nest with young ones, in one of the rhododendrons—such pretty, funny little things, with great yellow beaks, and if his grandmother would only go round with him, he would show them to her.

They went round, and Ernest found the throstle nest, but the young ones must have flown, for they were nowhere to be seen; neither were the two of whom they were in search. When they came to the old flower garden, however, there they were, busy with plans and calculations, sitting at a garden table, and the head gardener with them, in whom Emily had great confidence, and who apparently was as much interested as themselves.

"Oh, you are there at last!" exclaimed Ernest, "I never saw anything like you; you must have hidden yourselves! Grandmamma and I have been having such a hunt."

"Here we are, however, and the carriage is coming round," said Emily, seizing the two hands of the child, "but you have not tired grandmamma, I hope."

Then turning to her mother, she explained, that she wanted Mr. Wynwode to see the grounds, but she had no idea of their following her. That as he was going the next day, and there would be no other chance of his coming over, she was anxious that he should see her plans, and, if possible, suggest any improvement, therefore Cameron—this was the Scotch gardener—had been round with them, and they were just saying a few last words before returning to the house in search of her and Ernest. She was only afraid that her mother was tired.

But her mother was not tired, and thus coming upon them so legitimately employed, she was angry at her own suspicions, and spite of that mysterious something of which Ernest was forbidden to speak, she felt happier than she had done for several days.

On the morrow Wynwode left for London, and Mrs. Fairfield, after prolonging her visit yet a week, returned to her home at the lakes. But a barrier still remained between herself and the interior of her daughter's heart. She was now within the whirl of the maelstrom, and its din and tumult deadened her higher consciousness; the forbidden fruit had touched her lips, and in the first advance to sin the soul fled from the voice of God, let it come whence it might, from the sanctuary of the conscience or the warning lips of an affectionate mother. Nothing could be outwardly more amiable than Emily, but still the heart was locked up; there was a concealed something within it, even as there was a concealed something within the bosom of her innocent child, and her mother had neither confidence nor peace. Emily, in the pride and self-sufficiency of her own heart, whilst she knew the abyss on which she stood, had a pleasure in testing, as it were, the firmness of her foot and the steadiness of her brain. And there was even a fascination in the very danger itself. Like the drunkard, who, knowing the penalty he has already paid for his excesses, is yet impelled to another fatal debauch; so Emily, knowing the power of the tempter, went on recklessly and wilfully into a yet more terrible snare.

And so it is ever with the heart unregenerated by the only Saviour. "Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" Go to Him, all ye who are severely tried, and have no strength to overcome the Evil One, and He will be your shield and buckler, your sure defence, your Saviour and your God!

Mrs. Fairfield left her daughter with a sadder heart than she had ever known at parting from her hitherto. One solemn stipulation, however, she made with her before parting with her at the station to which Emily accompanied her, simply this, that whenever—in her husband's house, at Plas Tyrion, in Paris or wherever it might be, she fell into the society of Wynwode, she would also keep Ernest with her.

"A little child," said she, "is a guardian angel. Satan himself has no power in the presence of such a one. Promise me this, my Emily."

Emily promised; and affected by her mother's pleading anxiety, kissed her tenderly, and asked sincerely for her prayers. Good and evil struggled in her soul; the earnest love and solicitude in her mother's eyes called forth the good, and had she urged her mother at that moment, as she felt half disposed to do, to have returned and accompanied her to Plas Tyrion on the morrow, the anguish of years might have been spared. But she hesitated; the moment for the departure of the train arrived; her mother took her seat in the carriage, and left her with a heavier heart than she had ever known before.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

CRINOLINE IN ITS RELATION TO MARRIAGE.—The matrimonial depression reported by the Registrar-General still continues. At the present vernal period of pairing, this decline of matrimony is singularly unseasonable. What is "the cause of this effect? or, rather say, the cause of this defect—for this effect, defective, comes by cause?" Jocularity naturally suggests crinoline. But many a true word is spoken in joke. There can be no doubt that crinoline, in its widest sense, lies at the root of the matter. Of this more anon. But even taken in its ordinary acceptation, crinoline has very probably exerted a very considerable influence adverse to marriage. Primarily, crinoline meant merely an under garment made of horse-hair, which served moderately to set off the dress worn over it. Then it came to mean the frame-work of elastic bands or caoutchouc air tubes, devised in order to extend the apparel still further; and now it signifies the whole complicated arrangement of hoops and millinery, which constitutes almost every lady the centre of a vast circumference of clothes. Thus defined, it certainly does produce impressions which are at least of strongly anti-hymenial tendency. It gives the wearer an extensive appearance, an air of consequence, of being altogether sometimes too much of a swell, a character of importance so vast as to discourage and cow, as it were, the amatory aspirations of moderate young men. They feel that she is above and beyond them; that to pop, as we vulgarly say, the question, to so immense a creature, would be an act of disrespectful presumption; that any idea of folding such greatness in one's arms is absurd as well as impertinent; that an offer of marriage to a personage altogether so disproportionate to men of their small compass would be an insult, or, at best, taking far too great a liberty.

☞ The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that.—*Carlyle.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

TERMS.

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In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE WAR.

The apparent results of the battle of Magenta have been more important than was generally expected. The Austrians have retreated with the utmost precipitancy to the shelter of the famous fortifications of Mantua, and the line of the Mincio, abandoning everything west of that river. These are the apparent results of the French victory at Magenta; but we can hardly impute them entirely to that cause. Whether the whole plan of the campaign has been altered, or whether, as one report says, Prussia has agreed to consider the passage of the Mincio by the French a menace to Germany, and thenceforward will allow the support of the confederation to be given to Austria, or whether some other consideration, entirely unknown to the world of outside speculators, is at the bottom of this movement, who can pretend even to guess? Strong fortresses, like Piacenza, usually are not given up without a struggle, even though their loss can be shown to be ultimately almost certain. "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip" in war, as in other human affairs; and a determined spirit has often won a battle, or saved a campaign, which, according to all the scientific rules of warfare and strategy, was utterly lost. The Austrian commanders certainly must carry the science of war to an absurd extent, not to make a pretty large allowance for what bulldog courage may effect in defiance of all rules.

The next advices from Europe, hourly expected as we write this, and which we shall doubtless receive in time for the present paper, may throw new light on what seems to be now somewhat mysterious. It may be that the Austrians, who are said to have some of the best educated generals in the world, are now suffering from that very cause. A clear headed general, who sees he ought to be beaten, may sometimes lose a battle or a line of defence, where a duller man, who relies more upon simple "pluck," may succeed in regaining the day, or placing himself in a secure position. Everything has its peculiar disadvantages, and a general may be sometimes unnerved by his own rapid and clear perceptions! At Buena Vista, as our readers will remember, the American troops were said to have been fairly beaten, and should have retreated to avoid the danger of utter annihilation; but fortunately, not being much accustomed to war, they did not know it, and thus, fighting on bravely, they gained the battle. And the public sentiment of this country would never allow such an abandonment of strong positions as that recently made by the Austrians, whatever the laws of strategy might demand. Hold on to what you have as long as you can hold it, is what the practical common sense of Englishmen or Americans would say. Time, chance, &c., may array new elements in your favor, while, at worst, you can but lose it after all.

This very battle of Magenta itself, seems a proof of how much can be done by courage and obstinacy in defiance of the rules of war. A few thousands of French appear to have been unwisely exposed for four hours to the assault of at least three times their number. According to the rules, they ought to have been beaten first, the division commanded by McMahon been beaten afterwards, and even forced to lay down their arms, and the Austrian defeat been a great Austrian victory. But the result was different, simply because those few thousands of the Guards and Zouaves would not be beaten. Their determined and desperate courage gave time for the French reinforcements to come up, and Magenta was won.

But our knowledge of the facts is yet too limited to more than indulge in mere speculations as to the recent movements of either party. Probably a few weeks will enable us to see more clearly.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 213—Adults 72, and children 141.

PLENTY OF FAITH.—Our friend Simpson is rather a wag in his way. Simpson is not very fond of argument, but still he has his own views of matters and things, and is rather more of a philosopher than is generally thought. Meeting an acquaintance the other day, the conversation naturally turned upon the present war in Italy, and Acquaintance, in the course of it, found great fault with that class of suspicious mortals, who were always doubting men's words, and, true to their instincts, mistrusted Louis Napoleon's fine promises to the Italians. Acquaintance said he liked men who trusted, and who had faith in others.

Simpson listened gravely, and then replied by stating that he was himself one of that very trusting class. He always trusted, always had faith in men. "Now, for instance," continued he, "when Louis Napoleon said in the French Assembly that he 'regarded Democratic institutions as the first want of the French people,' I believed him. When he characterized the French expedition to Italy, as a dangerous military demonstration, I also believed him. When he became a candidate for the Presidency, and said in his address to the French people, 'If I am named President, I shall devote myself to strengthen the Republic; my honor is pledged that at the end of four years, I leave it to my successor with its power strengthened and its liberty intact,' of course, as he put it upon his honor, I again believed him. And when he was elected, and took an oath 'to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic,' of course, swearing to it thus, I could not help believing him. And now that he says he is helping the Italians to establish an independent government, having no ambitious views of his own or his country's to gratify—just out of the natural goodness and generosity of his heart, as it were—why, of course, I feel myself again bound to believe him."

Acquaintance looked at Simpson, as he thus illustrated the amount of trusting confidence he possessed, a little suspiciously—but Simpson's countenance was innocence itself. The conversation took another turn soon after that however.

A GOOD EXERCISE FOR PERSONS LIABLE TO CONSUMPTION.—Dr. L. Long, of Holyoke, Mass., recommends the practice of swinging by the hands as a great benefit to persons of narrow and weak chests. He says:—

I mean the suspending of the body by the hands, by means of a strong rope or chain fastened to a beam at one end and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavicle with the sternum or breast bone) being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and, as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increase the volume of air—the natural purifier of the blood—thus preventing congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption for thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and always with good results. But especially as a preventive I would recommend this exercise. Let those who love life cultivate a well formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—aye, *all* should have a swing upon which to stretch themselves daily; and I am morally certain that if this were to be practised by the rising generation, in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, thousands, yes, tens of thousands, would be saved from the ravages of that *opprobrium medicorum*, consumption.

We think the above well worth the consideration of our readers. The exercise recommended could be as moderate or as severe as desired, and would be pleasanter to many than the laborious dumb bells, so often used.

THE AILANTHUS.—We see it stated that the late researches of the French Professor, Hetel, prove that the bark of the Ailanthus contains a volatile oil which is so deleterious in its effects that the assistants who had the evaporation of the extract under their care, would be seized with vertigo and vomiting whenever they came in contact with the vapors. The unpleasant smell of this tree is supposed to be owing to the natural evaporation of this pernicious oil. Many persons, particularly invalids, are sickened by the smell of the Ailanthus, especially when it is in flower.

☞ We perceive that the people of New Orleans talk of paving the streets of that city with blocks of granite—and refer to the success of such pavements in this city. But the experience of Philadelphia is decidedly in favor of the old cobble stones, as superior to either granite or wooden blocks. The granite soon becomes too slippery for horses' feet.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

A. A "box address" is "lawful" enough—but if the Post Office Department has reason to believe that any swindling operation is being carried on through the mails, it takes the liberty of examining into the matter. That it stretches its power a little is very probable—but so long as the intention and result are good, it would be difficult to punish the Department for so doing. You had better not go into any business in which you are ashamed to use your name. We see nothing improper in the advertisement alluded to.

W. C. Probably the member of Congress for your District could give you the information desired, or put you in the way of getting it.

CITIZEN. You cannot get a "*perfect* sea bath" by staying at home and putting plenty of salt in your bathing tub. A thousand grains of sea water contain:

Water,	964.745 grs.
Chloride of sodium,	27.059
" potassium,	0.766
" magnesium,	3.666
Bromide of magnesium,	0.029
Sulphate of magnesia,	2.296
" lime,	2.406
Carbonate of lime,	0.033
	1.000

Besides, it is not the bathing alone that invigorates the languid frame at the sea-shore, but the sea air, the company, the relaxation, &c. Experience proves that a change of air, even if the new air is really no better, but only different, is greatly promotive of health; and summer tours are beneficial, were it for no other reason than they make you glad to get home again.

MARY. We take the following receipt for making alum baskets and ornaments from an English journal:—"First prepare the object desired, such as a wire basket, or the sprig of a plant, by twisting over it some cotton, or, still better, some worsted thread, so that it is covered in every part. If an irregular mass of crystals be desired, a large cinder or piece of coke, wrapped over in the same way, may be employed; you must observe that whatever object be selected it must be of such a weight as to sink readily in the solution to be afterwards made, or it must be loaded to give it that effect. Then dissolve one pound of alum in a quart of water (observing the same proportions for a greater or less quantity), by boiling it gently in a tin vessel, over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a piece of wood until the solution is complete. When the liquor is *almost* cold, suspend the subject to be crystallized by means of a small thread or twine from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glazed earthen jar, as being best adapted for the purpose, into which the solution must be poured. The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours; when they are taken out, they are to be carefully suspended in the shade until perfectly dry. The whole process of crystallization is best conducted in a cool situation. When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution while it is quite hot, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too cold, the crystals will be small in proportion. Experiments convince us that the best temperature is about ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit's thermometer—that is, about the warmth of new milk. To color alum baskets:—There are numerous colored crystals, but none of them are used to make ornamental works except blue stone, on account of their expense. This, however, is cheap, and gives a most brilliant hue. For other colors it is only necessary to tint the solution of alum with some dyeing material, and then set it aside to crystallize as in the last receipt. The addition of turmeric produces transparent crystals; powdered litmus, or solution of litmus, produces red crystals; logwood makes them purple; and common writing ink, black."

ARTISAN. The following is a receipt for silvering glasses for mirrors:—"Lead and tin, each one ounce; bismuth, two ounces; mercury, four ounces; melt the three first, remove from the fire, and when nearly cold add the mercury. It is now fit for use; but make the glass hot before applying the amalgam." You need not fear by looking into the mirror before the amalgam hardens, that the reflection of your face will remain there forever afterwards. If it would, it would be worth having as a capital portrait.

MARIA. If the young men do not come a-wooing—perhaps it is all the better for you. Had Eve never seen Adam, think what a world of sin and misery the universe would have been spared. Every state of affairs has its consolations. Let Maria be thankful that she has not an intemperate husband, a house full of hungry children, and nothing to feed them with.

J. M. J. The instinct of the brutes is superior in this, as in many other cases, to the reason of man. Why it is so, we cannot so easily say. The Creator has made it so—that is certain. Reason must have difficulties to overcome, in order to develope itself—this, perhaps, is the main reason. Were man gifted with instinct sufficient to supply all his wants, and satisfy all his desires, he probably would cultivate his reason very little, and science and art would have no existence.

GLENDORA.—The writers for the Post may use fictitious names at their pleasure, so they give us their real names, as a warrant for the genuine character of their compositions.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Once upon a time, in Boston, where, of course, all the people wear blue spectacles and white neckcloths, and where nobody ever laughs and everybody dresses in black crape—there dwelt, in the midst of the gloomy population, a crew of bold Bohemians, spirits of the morning sort, epicureans, gay hearts and light heads, guildsmen of Momus, followers of the Muse, true minions of the sun and moon. Some of them were young and some were young no longer. Some wore the gray cap and some the green. But they were all bound together in the free-masonry of good-fellowship, and flashed their fun, and mouthed their verses, and argued their points in peace and harmony.

What times they had! You can imagine. There was a paper called "The Carpet Bag," into which they put all the philosophy and poetry and farce they wrote on paper. There was a restaurant—a sort of mild Mermaid Tavern, with coffee and cold water instead of sack and canary—in whose dim and dingy smoking room these gay and free Shakspereans, said good things which only the walls remember. Then their revels. In Boston, as is well known, all spirits of the morning sort eschew green seal and moselle, and drink the water of the Frog-Pond, which goes to the brain like champagne. Pop—pop—go the corks—fizz-z, guggle, guggle goes the sparkling and heady Frog-Pond water, and then the wit flies and shines. Dr. Holmes has a large stock of the Frog-Pond vintage in his cellar, properly wired down, and this is what he takes when he wants to be as funny as he dare, in the magazine!

But who was he that moved, large and laughing, among these brave Bohemians, with a paternal air, even as big papa Morel moves at the Café de la Regence among the Parisian chess-players? Who was he that came, with those friends of his—the philosophic Widdlewarth, and the grave wit, old Roger, and that serene Asiatic, the Brahmin Poo-poo, and lit up the hour when the mercurial Peregrine, and the martial and melancholy Max, and Athos and Aramis, and Issachar Brand and the Chevalier D'Harlequin, and the Letter H., and the other penmen and poets and artists and idlers, were met together? Who was he, that portly and jovial man, with a temper as mellow as a prize pear, with a humor that streamed like autumn sunshine, with household poetry in his brain and comic fancies fluttering from his lips, and a heart like a central sun sending light and heat through all? Who but the intimate friend and reporter of Mrs. Partington and Ike, he who has so faithfully recorded the wisdom of the one, and the pranks of the other, to the delight of the whole world—indeed, we may say, the universe! Who, in short, was he but B. P. SHILLABER!

When he came into company, company rejoiced. Are there not remembrances of a holiday and a dinner in a town near Boston, at the house of a Chinese sage from the Central Flowery Land of Fun, named Kim? What rainbows of jollity glowed that day over the cataract of conversation! How the language was made to show its capacity, and flashed, and snapped, and crackled and gleamed, with quips and jests, and puns and repartees. Jokes sprang suddenly from the dullest subjects, like laughing scaramouches from their boxes. And Shillaber was the soul of it all.

The jovial humorist has given the world innumerable good things through the newspapers, and has also published two books. One a volume of verse, with some homely and tender domestic strains, and some comic pieces, quaint as Hood's. Then, a volume of those rich reports of Mrs. Partington's observations, and Ike's frolics, with not a little sober good sense and covert satire visible here and there through the humor, and with some sketching of domestic interiors which makes one think of the home scenes of Flemish painters. In a few days we shall have another volume from his hand, with more reports of Mrs. Partington's sayings, and other good things beside. It will be illustrated by Hoppin, published by Brown, Taggart & Chase, of Boston, and entitled KNITTING WORK: A WEB OF MANY TEXTURE. One of the Boston reporters recently overheard the following conversation about it, between Mrs. Partington and a prying neighbor, of course:

"'So you are coming before the public again,' said the inquisitor, looking into Mrs. Partington's little low window, at which the dame was knitting. She pondered his words a moment before replying. 'I am not a publican,' she said at length; 'and though, Heaven knows, we are none of us too good, the publicans are best, and that's gospel truth.' 'I mean,' said the querist, 'that you have a new work on the carpet.' 'Not on the carpet, exactly,' replied she, 'but something that's cognac to it—knitting work!' 'Crewel!' he persisted in inquiring. 'No,' was the response, 'there isn't nothing cruel in it, like a satyr to wrangle like a barbed arrow; it will be pleasant to take—like a lucabration for a parched tongue, and will make people happy. But there's no knowing who will be governor till after election, and whether a book goes well or not depends upon the number that buys it.' The inquisitor moved along, and Mrs. P. kept on with her knitting."

The result of which knitting will be Mr. Shillabar's "Knitting Work," which has our best benison.

From the book not yet published to the books which are, is an easy and natural transition. THE MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE, of Russia, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) the second Empress of that name, is one of them, and tells a strange story. It is her own story, written by her own hand—the story of a fair young woman, married to a booby brute of a Grand Duke, a drunkard from the age of ten, who punches his wife with his fist, makes her the confidant of his profligacy, and keeps a kennel of dogs in their bed-chamber. Then, depraved systematically by her mother, forced into vice, cultured highly in intellect, and corrupted in heart—so run the outlines of the strange youth of one of the greatest women ever born.

Practical builders, mechanics and architects, ought to look at SLOAN'S CONSTRUCTIVE ARCHITECTURE, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) one of the most beautifully printed and illustrated works we have seen. It contains designs for domes, roofs and spires; has plates showing the construction and finish of bays, window shutters, sliding doors, and other joiner's work; gives examples of the five orders of architecture, and also diagrams of stair lines, groins, arches, architraves, door mouldings and everything of the kind. Mr. Sloan, the author, is known by other works on architecture.

There is a new handbook, good and full, of agriculture, horticulture, and landscape-gardening, entitled COUNTRY LIFE, by G. Morris Copeland. (J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston.) And another of needle work, THE LADIES' HANDBOOK, (G. G. Evans, Philadelphia,) which gives directions and patterns for various kinds of ornamental and fancy sewing.

Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, has put forth a volume entitled FIVE ESSAYS (Lippincott, Philadelphia) which contains, among other matter, some remarks on Animal Magnetism, undoubtedly worthy of attention, as coming from such a source, and deserving especially the notice of the profession.

Maps of the War are in request, and Mr. T. B. Peterson and Mr. C. Desilver both offer them.

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for July, (Crosby & Nichols, Boston, Zieber, Philadelphia,) has a good article on Michel Angelo's life and poems, though it seems a mistake to suppose Michel's sonnets addressed to an earthly love, and not, as Harford thinks, to a personification of his philosophy. The same sort of criticism is the true stumbling-block to our understanding of the sonnets of Shakspeare. The works of men like these, living in ages of tyranny, must always be read below the lines. Allegory is the only vehicle for thought, till thought is free. People object, saying, why should Angelo and Shakspeare veil their meaning—why not speak out plainly—what danger in uttering mere abstract thought? But if the lady addressed in Angelo's sonnets be really a personification of the principle or idea of Beauty, as the solution of the riddles of existence, and if the "love" addressed in the Shakspeare sonnets be really a personification of a scientific scheme of innovation, the case becomes serious. Plain speech was not in request in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and even abstract thought was dangerous. The ages that burned Spigelius at the stake for asserting the antipodes, and roasted a French doctor alive in the square of Paris for doubting the authority of Aristotle, would be very apt to regard any fresh speculation, however harmless, as flat atheism, to be treated accordingly, and it is not unlikely that both Angelo and Shakspeare might have a lively sense of the value of obscurity.

A CURE WORSE THAN TRYING.—The Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot says that half a cranberry, put on a corn, will kill it in a single night.

DIRECTIONS FOR FLOWER PAINTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PAPER—BRUSHES—PENCILS.

As the coloring of flowers is often very bright, it is of importance that the paper should not be of a spongy or absorbent quality. Hence linen paper is preferable to that made of cotton. Whatman's medium and royal papers present a good surface, or, if a thicker paper be required, the abraded or roughened surface Bristol boards of Reynolds & Co., may be used. It is better in every case to wash it lightly and carefully beforehand, with a soft sponge dipped in perfectly clean water. Good camelhair-brushes will serve the purpose, but the best are those made of black sable. Brown sable are sometimes employed, but they are much more apt to split into several points. A good brush should be, when wet, thickest about one-third the whole length, from the end of the quill. The mop or blender, which should be placed on the same handle as the other, should be quite short and blunt.

The pencil used in first sketching the outlines, should be so soft, that a clean silk handkerchief will easily erase a light mark made with it. Those taken to mark the details, may be harder, yet never so hard as to indent the paper.

A panel board, such as is used by architects and water-color painters, will be found to be very useful. They may often be had at artists' supply stores.

SKETCHING FLOWERS FROM NATURE.

It is best to commence with single flowers, which may be conveniently placed in a tall glass, partly filled with water, directly in front of the artist. If there be a long stem, we must be careful to avoid giving it a vertical position, but incline it a little from the perpendicular. If there are several flowers on one stalk, it should be so placed as to show one turned almost directly towards us—another in profile—and others in such positions as they will then take.

Much judgment and practice are required in the arrangement of bouquets; but the following rules may guide the learner: 1st. The largest flowers should be placed nearly in the centre of the group—smaller ones and green leaves next outside and below them, while grasses, tendrils, and buds, may form the outside of the whole. 2nd. To heighten the effect, there should be strong contrasts of color, as for instance—place scarlet next to a bright green, purple near yellow, &c. 3rd. The colors on the edges of the groups should be less vivid than those in the middle. 4th. There should be seen in all combinations of flowers, the three primitive colors—blue, red and yellow.

Draw very lightly, with a soft pencil, the direction of the stem, if the subject be a single flower, then indicate the size and position of the flower itself, including the calyx; after this, mark the mid-rib of the green leaves, taking care to observe the manner of their growth. Pay no attention to the minor points—but be very careful to secure correctly the size and proportion of the larger parts.

Now with a harder pencil, No. 2 or No. 3, Faber, go over the lines previously made, if they are correct—if not, make them so; then copy the details; but be careful, particularly where the colors are light or delicate, not to make the outline dark. With a soft rag or handkerchief, then obliterate the lines first made. Take another scrutinizing look at the drawing, and correct every fault.

If about to copy a group of flowers, bear in mind the directions given, and when properly arranged, lose no time in the painting, taking care to finish first those flowers which are the most likely to fade soon.

THE PALETTE, COLORS AND FIRST SHADING.

The *delicate* sketch in lead pencil having been made, the paper should be placed upon an inclined board, so that the color may be easily *floated* down the slant, without running off too fast. All the materials should be placed at a convenient distance, on the right hand, the palette, tile or saucer being the nearest, the glass of water next beyond, and the paint-box still further removed. A piece of soft blotting-paper or cotton cloth should be kept, either under the hand or in some place where it can be readily used, to absorb the superfluous water from the brushes. The glass should be nearly full of soft, pure water, which should not be very cold.

A large palette, with five or six wells for tints, is very useful for large drawings; for smaller ones, a clean white plate will answer, the cakes of color being rubbed on the edge, and blended in the lower part. The best, and *only* the best, colors should be used for flowers, and it is desirable to make the hues, if possible, a *little* brighter than nature, as, in putting them on, they lose somewhat of their brilliancy. It may be well to recollect that animal colors, such as carmine, gallstone, &c., are more apt to fade than those made from vegetables or the earths.

In order that the first shading should be uniformly and smoothly put on, the surface of the drawing should be washed beforehand, and after the watery gloss is gone we may proceed with the first shade-tint as follows, viz.:

For pure white, a bluish shade is requisite. Payne's gray, Indian red and indigo, cobalt and sepia, or India ink and indigo, will serve the purpose. The first named is, however, to be preferred, as it is already mixed. If too purple, correct it with red ink or a little brown. Two or three degrees of shade are generally sufficient for white flowers, but great care must be taken to avoid the recurrence of dark specks or lines in the shadows. A faint tint of cobalt will sometimes give an agreeable effect, as if the petals reflected the color of the sky. For single drawings of white flowers, or in groups where they form a conspicuous part, we may wash a back ground of some subdued shade of stone, drab or olive around the drawing, to contrast with the white. Yellow flowers should invariably be shaded with India ink of a brown hue; to employ a bluish gray would produce, with the yellow, a greenish tone. For purple, blue or red flowers, it will be at once perceived that neutral tint or Payne's gray is requisite.

In shading leaves, the sake of neutral tint, which inclines to green, may very properly be used, or a mixture of india ink, indigo and gamboge may be made for that purpose. The shades upon leaves should be darker than those of the petals of light or medium-colored flowers. The young artist must bear in mind that the stems of flowers, being generally round, reflect the light very conspicuously. This may be represented by drawing a stiff and nearly dry brush upon the line of light, while the color is still wet. The same direction will apply to the large veins of some leaves. Care should be taken not to make the edges too hard or black, and no attempt should be made to designate, at first, hairs, prickles or thorns.

The light should be admitted from one window only, and it would be best that it should enter from the upper part, on the left side of the painter.

WHITE FLOWERS.

White Roses, Camelias, Cape Jessamine, Lily of the Valley, Tuberose, White Lily, &c.

Although there are many flowers termed white, yet we find, on close inspection, that some are more brilliant and reflective than others, and in a few we perceive occasionally a faint yellowish, greenish or reddish cast. We should hold a piece of perfectly white paper next to the flower to ascertain its true shade. As before said, purely white flowers must have a delicately tinted background to relieve them, unless we place some colored flowers or green leaves behind. It is advisable sometimes to place a sheet of slightly tinted paper or Bristol board behind and within six inches of the subject. We sometimes observe veinings even in white flowers. These should be made with sepia and cobalt, taking care not to mark them too strongly. The darkest shades, when one petal overlies another, may be indicated by the same. White stamens or pistils may be marked upon a shaded surface with Chinese white.

YELLOW FLOWERS.

Daffodil, Yellow Violet, Butter-Cup, Coreopsis, Yellow Rose, Marigold, Artemisia, Dahlia, &c.

Yellow is a common color among flowers, the most usual being a lemon yellow, which can be had in the cake, although with the three shades of chrome we can generally succeed in representing the various tints. After the first shading, with India ink, we may apply a flat wash of No. 1 chrome, strengthening the darker parts with No. 2 of the same, or even occasionally adding to the chrome a little India ink. Indian yellow and gamboge form good secondary shades. Gallstone may be used for the very darkest parts, but it is said to be a fugitive color. If the flower be of a golden hue, raw sienna should be taken, shaded with the same, adding, perhaps, a little reddish brown. For the butter-cup, the inside of which is very glossy, gamboge may be taken. This paint, when dry on the paper, shines more than any other color. For certain rich yellows, cadmium is desirable.

In mixing tints for orange-colored flowers, if red lead will not answer, use carmine, and either gamboge, No. 2 chrome, lemon yellow, raw sienna or cadmium, shading with the same and a little brown. Scarlet flowers may be commenced with red lead or pure scarlet, adding carmine and a little brown for the shade.

BLUE, RED AND PURPLE FLOWERS.

Blue flowers can be generally well imitated by cobalt, adding French blue, Prussian blue, or even indigo, for darker parts. It is not common, however, to meet with this color pure in flowers. It generally inclines to violet or purple, which can be best attained by a mixture of cobalt and carmine. When darker shades are required, use Prussian blue and carmine, or indigo and carmine. Dark purple flowers sometimes show a bluish tint in parts that reflect the light, like velvet. Put less color upon those parts, and glaze or wash over them lightly a light tint of cobalt. In some flowers we may employ ivory black to advantage.

There is a great variety of red flowers, varying from a bright scarlet to very dull maroon. Specific directions might be given for each, but the learner should be allowed at times to use his or her own judgment in the selection of pigments. The general rule in these cases would be, after the gray tints are put in, to wash over the whole flower the local color, strengthening such parts as require it by the admixture of other colors.

The following table may be useful, the lightest colors being placed first in order, and followed by others that will represent the first color when in various depths of shadow:

1.	2.
Red lead.	Pure scarlet.
Red lead and vermillion.	Vermillion.
Vermillion.	Vermillion and carmine.
Vermillion and Vandyke brown.	
3.	4.
Vermillion.	Carmine, pale.
Vermillion and carmine.	Carmine, stronger.
Vermillion and carmine and van. brown.	Carmine, with a little Indian red.
5.	6.
Light or Venitian red.	Cobalt and Carmine.
Light and Indian red.	Do. do., stronger.
Indian red and van. brown.	Prussian blue and carmine.
7.	8.
Prussian blue and carmine.	Indigo and carmine.
Indigo and carmine.	Do. do. and ivory black.
9.	10.
Lemon yellow or light chrome.	Cobalt.
Chrome No. 2.	Cobalt and Prus. blue.
Chrome No. 3, or	Indigo.
Chrome No. 2, and a little India ink and light red.	

HUMBOLDT'S RELIGION.—At a meeting of the Germans of Boston, in honor of Humboldt, Dr. Donal declared that Humboldt was an atheist. The Boston Courier has published two or three able articles, proving, by citations from Humboldt's works, the utter falsity of the charge.

A NEW TRIAL has been granted to Mr. Henry Shaw, the old gentleman in St. Louis against whom a verdict of one hundred thousand dollars was rendered for refusing to marry Miss Effie Carstang, after he had promised to do so.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—An English missionary, now in Sumatra, R. I., recently wrote that he had just had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked.

RAIN WANTED.—Many complaints are made by farmers and planters, in certain districts of Mississippi, Georgia, Texas and Louisiana, of a long protracted drought in those regions.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

EASTWARD HO!—AFFAIR OF MALEGNANO—A TERRIBLE WEAPON—THE TURCOS AGAIN—THE LOGIC OF WAR—A BATCH OF PROCLAMATIONS—NATIONAL REJOICINGS—EVERY ONE MAKING LOVE—A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

Paris, June 16, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The tide of success which has floated the allied army eastward with such promptitude, is still in their favor; and although no other action of importance has taken place, the cause of Austria is as much damaged by the spontaneous declaration of the Lombard towns in favor of annexation with Piedmont as it could be by the loss of many engagements. The Austrians have evacuated Cremona, Piacenza, Pavia, and other strongly fortified places, which have all declared for Victor Emmanuel, and are in full retreat upon the Oglio, leaving behind them, in their precipitate movements, such immense stores of all kinds that orders have just been received here to suspend for one month the sending of stores into Lombardy for the use of the French army. In some few cases, the Austrians have thrown their stores into the river, spiked their guns, and even blown up their fortifications; but, in general, they seem to have retreated too hastily to take these precautions.

We are in daily expectation of news of another great battle; as it is evident that the Austrians are gathering in great force about Mantua and Peschiera; but, up to the present moment, no news of a fresh battle have been received. A brilliant action, however, followed close on the battle of Magenta, the advantage being again with the French. On the 8th inst., the Austrians having entrenched themselves at Marignano (or Malegnano), Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers was sent thither by the Emperor, and took the village with very trifling loss; the corps of General Benedek being repulsed, and 1,200 Austrians taken prisoners. Marignano is a small town of 3,000 inhabitants, about nine miles south-east of Milan, on the Sambro, a confluent of the Po. King Francis I. on the 13th and 14th of September, 1515, gained there a memorable victory over the Swiss and the Duke of Milan, the affair being known in history as "the battle of the Giants."

The papers are still filled with details of the great battle of Magenta, and the brilliant affair of Malegnano, just mentioned as having taken place next day. It is now quite certain that the battle of Magenta was begun by mistake, and that the Emperor was so far from being aware of the real strength of the Austrians in the neighborhood of the Ticino, that his sending the Guards and Zouaves to cross that river at Buffalora, in the face of an enemy immensely more numerous than he had supposed them to be, has resulted in the almost total destruction of those magnificent troops, and, but for the fortunate inspiration of General McMahon, who, having crossed the river the day before a little higher up, and hearing cannon in a direction in which, according to the instructions he had received, no cannon ought to be sounding, immediately concluded that some unforeseen obstacle had been met with by some portion of the allied army, marched his division with the utmost speed in the direction of the sound, and came up to the scene of the struggle, having turned the Austrian flank just in time to save the remnant of the heroic band that had been for three hours fighting unsupported with the vast masses of the Austrians, and to turn the day from what was on the point of becoming a heroic defeat to a brilliant victory.

It appears certain that the detachment which thus stood the brunt of an engagement in which the enemy was 20 to 1, an odds as fearful as any sustained by the allies in the Crimea, had been sent on by the Emperor simply to throw bridges across the river to facilitate the passage of the rest of the army; and that these troops, on arriving at the point indicated, found a body of some 120,000 Austrians most strongly posted, and prepared to dispute possession of the bank of the river. The French regiments, each containing about 1,600 men, sustained this frightfully unequal struggle, utterly unsupported, for nearly three hours, with unflinching determination; their numbers were constantly thinning, they had lost one of their two guns—though they had managed to take one gun, and one howitzer from the enemy—and it was evident that unless reinforcements speedily arrived, there was nothing left for them but to die at their post. But the arrival of General McMahon turned the fortunes of this most unequal fight; and the rest of the allied army, coming up an hour and a half later, though fatigued with a six hour march, joined impetuously in the *melee*, and the engagement became general along both lines. Throughout the day the Austrians kept receiving reinforcements of troops by the railway, who arrived on the field, fresh, and in possession of their full strength; while the French and Sardinian troops were, as already observed, half exhausted by several hours of a forced march.

By all accounts, it would seem to be the bayonets of the allies that gained the victory. The Austrians complain that the use of this weapon is barbarous, and contrary to the usages of war, and say that it is not fighting, but "butchery," as is, indeed, the case. But war being confessedly a skillfully organized butchery, it is difficult to allow the force of this plea. At all events, the bayonet, in the hands of the French and Sardinians, appears to be something that the Austrians cannot stand. Among the latter are a great number of lads of from 15 to 18, and it is not surprising that such raw soldiers should turn before the furious onslaught of the allies. In many cases, the terrified Austrians, threw down their arms, crying for quarter, and were stabbed by their opponents, as though they were so many sheep. In others, the cry for "quarter" disarmed the rage of the conquerors, whose fury seems to have been turned to contemptuous disgust at having to fight "not men, but lambs." As for the Turcos, whose skill in the use of the bayonet has become proverbial, a letter in the Siecle, referring to the combat of Turbigo, says, "I know not whether the Turcos had forgotten their cartridges, or whether, on leaving Genoa, they threw them into the river as a useless incumbrance, but they rushed toward the Austrian cannon without firing a shot. At the sound of the bugle the Turcos spread about in all directions, threw themselves on the ground, and advanced by bounds, more like tigers than men, raising, at every leap, a shrill cry that drowned the sound of the artillery. They had scarcely advanced half way, when the Austrian gunners, seeing what they took to be black monsters advancing under a shower of grape, abandoned the cannons, detached their horses, and rode off. The Turcos, furious at seeing part of their prey escape them, leapt like lightning on the guns, rushed after the gunners, massacred all within their reach, and rushed back with the seven guns they had taken, having lost only ten men, and a few wounded. The Emperor witnessed this feat, the pendant of Palestro.

The full hideousness and diabolism of war appear in terrible relief when we imagine to ourselves the details of such an onslaught, and of the unhappy Austrian soldiers, struck down like flies, by the rapid thrusts of this savage, yelling, leaping soldiery! Surely, the common sense of the majority will, at some time or other, be able to provide some better way than fiendish slaughter for the settling of contested questions! As to these Turcos, who are Arabs or negroes, so unmanageable are they, even in time of peace, that no remonstrance is ever addressed to them by their officers. If a Turco manifests the slightest sign of refractoriness, he is shot down on the spot by his officer, as a matter of course. It is the first time that these savage regiments have been employed out of Algeria.

Though the Hungarian and Lombard soldiers in the Austrian ranks have thrown, down their arms, on the field of battle, and allowed themselves, rejoicing, to be made prisoners, to the cry of *Viva l'Italia!* and though numbers of beardless boys have run in uncontrollable terror from the bayonets of the allies, the regular Austrian troops have behaved with great gallantry, and have compelled their conquerors to acknowledge their bravery and determination. But they are none the less inferior, as is now evident, to their opponents; and although the campaign may be farther from its termination than French and Italian enthusiasm seem to think, there can be little doubt of the issue.

It now appears that the Emperor's entrance into Milan was delayed from motives of delicacy, as he wished the King of Sardinia to accompany him. The two sovereigns seem to have laid aside all pomp in their doings in that city, and to have occupied private villas, without any attempt at ceremony. Milan, though the capital of Lombardy, is not only very weak, in a strategetic point of view, but is incapable of being held against an enemy. Should the struggle be continued, as it can hardly be doubted it will be, it may possibly change masters more than once before the conclusion of the war.

The Municipal Council of Milan having offered the city to Victor Emmanuel, in the name of its inhabitants, as soon as the Austrians had withdrawn, the King, on reaching Milan, at once published the following proclamation:

"People of Lombardy!—The success of the the liberating armies brings me among you. National right being restored, your wishes confirm your union with my kingdom—a union founded on the guarantees of civilized society. This temporary form I this day give to the government is required by the necessities of war. Independence once secured, your minds will be tranquillized—your souls will be animated with wisdom, and a free and permanent government will then be formed. People of Lombardy! the Subalpines (Piedmontese) have made, and are still making, great sacrifices for our common country; our army, which receives into its ranks many brave volunteers of our provinces and of other parts of Italy, has already given splendid proofs of valor, victoriously fighting for the national cause. The Emperor of the French, our generous ally, worthy of the name and genius of Napoleon, in taking command of the heroic army of that great nation, has resolved to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. You, vieing with each other in making sacrifices, will second this magnanimous resolve on the field of battle; you will show yourselves worthy of the destiny which Italy is henceforth called upon to fulfil after centuries of sorrow.

"VICTOR EMMANUEL.

"From the chief head-quarters at Milan, June 9th, 1859."

Simultaneous with the above was issued the following proclamation from the French Emperor:

"Italians:—The fortunes of war having brought us into the capital of Lombardy, I am about to tell you why I am here. When Austria unjustly attacked Piedmont, I resolved to support my ally the King of Sardinia, the honor and interest of France making it a duty for me to do so. Your enemies, who are also mine, endeavored to diminish the sympathy which was felt in Europe for your cause, by making it believed that I only made war from personal ambition, or to aggrandize the territory of France. If there be men who do not comprehend their epoch I am not of the number. In the enlightened state of public opinion more grandeur is to be acquired by the moral influence which is exercised than by fruitless conquests, and that moral influence I seek with pride in contributing to restore to freedom one of the finest parts of Europe. Your reception has already proved to me that you have understood me. I do not come here with the preconceived system of dispossessing the sovereign, nor to impose my will on you. My army will only occupy itself with two things—to combat your enemies, and maintain internal order. It will not throw any obstacle in the way of the legitimate manifestation of your wishes. Providence sometimes favors nations as well as individuals by giving them a sudden opportunity for greatness, but it is on condition that they know how to profit by it. Profit, then, by the fortune which is offered to you to obtain your independence. Organize yourselves militarily. Fly to the standard of King Victor Emmanuel, who has already so nobly shown you the path of honor. Remember that without discipline there can be no army. Be soldiers only for to-day, and to morrow you will be the free citizens of a great country.

"Headquarters, Milan, June 8th."

As, if the Emperor cherished any selfish designs, it would be in the highest degree unwise for him to put forth, spontaneously, professions to the contrary so explicit as these, it appears to me only reasonable to conclude that he really means what he says. We have yet to see, however, whether the result of such a mode of "freeing" a country will justify the course taken by France, although, if the good wishes of bystanders could profit Italy, it is hardly doubtful that a new era of development and happiness ought to be predicted for her.

The Emperor's address to the army on arriving in Milan, was placarded here on Saturday last, and is as follows:—

"Soldiers—a month ago, confident in the efforts of diplomacy, I still hoped for the maintenance of peace, when suddenly the invasion of Piedmont, by the Austrian troops, called us to arms. We were not ready. Men, horses, material, and supplies were wanting; and we had, in order to assist our allies, to pass in small divisions beyond the Alps, before an enemy, formidable, and prepared for war.

"The danger was great; the energy of the nation and your courage supplied all; France has again found her old virtues, and united in one feeling and for one object, she has shown the power of her resources, and the strength of her patriotism. It is now only ten days since operations commenced, and the Piedmontese territory has been already cleared of its invaders. The allied army has fought four combats, and gained a decisive victory, which has opened to it the gates of the capital of Lombardy. You have put more than 35,000 Austrians *hors de combat*, taken 17 cannon, 2 colors, and 8,000 prisoners; but all is not terminated; you will have more struggles to support, and obstacles to overcome.

"I rely on you; courage, then, brave soldiers of the army of Italy. Your forefathers from above contemplate you with pride.

"Given at headquarters, Milan, June 8."

It seems that General Canrobert's division was the first to enter Milan. The crowd in the streets was something prodigious; flowers, flags, and the most enthusiastic cries, filled the streets. As the General, on his white charger, advanced slowly through the crowd, amidst a storm of joyful acclamations, a little girl of about six, dressed in white, with a tri-color sash, apparently pushed through the press by persons behind her, made her way completely under the hoofs of the General's horse, and held up to him a magnificent nosegay of white flowers. The gallant General, stooping down, raised the pretty little creature in his arms and placed her on her feet, on the saddle before him, when the child at once clasped the soldier's sunburnt face in her two little hands, and kissed him several times with an enthusiasm such as only an Italian child could show; and then, throwing one of her arms round his neck, while her new friend supported her with one of his, held the bouquet proudly as the General continued his way through the town. The delight of the people and of Canrobert's own soldiers, at this sight, seems, by all accounts, to have taken them very nearly off their feet. While the Austrians are disappearing before the advancing allies, pursued by the hatred and abhorrence of the populations they have so long and so pitilessly oppressed, the march of the allies, in its minor details reads like a romance; the romance of gratitude, hope, sympathy, and aspiration, overflowing from the hearts, and in the words and welcome, of an ardent, poetic, impulsive, and much-injured people, now at length, as they believe, and as all lovers of Italy will most cordially hope may be the case, passing from the thraldom of a foreign yoke to the freedom of national existence.

General Garibaldi has been to Milan, where he had a private interview with the King. The latter has issued an order of the day extolling the bravery and services of Garibaldi and his division, conferring on the ubiquitous leader the gold medal of military valor, and naming several of his officers to various distinctions.

The French and Sardinians were crossing the Adda at the last advices; the Austrians being everywhere in full retreat, though supposed to be preparing for another general engagement.

A musical entertainment, and a *Te Deum*, were got up in Milan in honor of Magenta; the allied sovereigns were of course present at both, and the scene was most brilliant and impressive on both occasions. Such was the cheering at the former, on the entrance of the King and the Emperor, that it took the audience half an hour to exhaust their enthusiasm in cries and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

General Gyulai has been superseded by the appointment of Field-Marshal Hess as Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces; and the young Emperor is said to be about to direct the campaign in person.

The Duchess of Parma, after having been reinstated in her little dominions, has now withdrawn a second time from the Duchy. The army as well as the people being determined to declare for the war, the Duchess issued a very noble proclamation to her subjects, regretting that "more ardent ideas should have been received by them, interfering with the gradual and wise reforms which for some years past she had been inaugurating in the country," and stating that as she could neither betray the treaties she had sworn to, nor place herself in opposition to the wishes of her people, she took the course of withdrawing from the Duchy with her family, especially and publicly reserving the reversionary rights of her children. Before leaving, she released the army from their vows of allegiance, and gave them permission to leave the country. She was respectfully attended on her departure, and personally regretted, having always been much beloved, and her liberal administration, and refusal to allow Austria to prevent the carrying out of various measures of reform, being appreciated by the people. But the latter are now bent on co-operating with the allies; and to this point Duchess Luisa, it seems, could not go. So she has quietly gone away, and is now with her children in Switzerland.

Francis II., of Naples, will, it is hoped, begin his reign by liberal measures; but little is yet known on the subject. Germany is still in a very excited state, and some uneasiness has been felt here, within a few days, owing to fresh rumors of an intention on the part of Prussia to take part with Austria. But the change of ministry in England, which has caused great rejoicing here, and the circular of Russia, showing her intention to interfere if Germany does not remain neutral, are regarded as additional guarantees that the latter country will not throw herself into the quarrel.

Here we have had *Te Deums* all over the country, all the churches being crowded, and even little villages burning some pounds of candles in the evening.

As soon as it was known here that the Empress and her ladies were all making lint for the army of Italy, contributions of lint and old linen began to be collected all over the city. The *Moniteur* next requested all who had old linen to dispose of to send the same to the various *mairies*, and contributions poured in from all quarters. The proprietor of the fashionable Hotel du Louvre has sent in 1,200 napkins, 80 tablecloths, and 175 waiters' aprons; the director of the college of Louis-le-Grand has sent in 100 sheets, and 250 shirts; and so on. In this city alone several tons have already been collected, and as the whole country is now busy making lint, the quantity obtained will no doubt be equal to the melancholy exigencies of the battle-field. Some "speculative" rascals, however, have not scrupled to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, and have been going through some of the rural communes, pretending to be agents of the government; collecting great quantities of old linen, and nearly $1,500, which filgotten gains, as also their own unworthy persons, have just been snapped up by the authorities of the communes in question.

The Empress-Regent and the little Prince are at St. Cloud, where they will spend the summer, and where the Empress will transact business daily with the ministers and her Council. She has now settled the question as to whether or no the pamphlet by Edmond About, the popular young romancer, entitled *The Roman Question*, is to be allowed to appear here, by ordering the entire edition to be seized.

This little work which has created even more sensation here than did the celebrated pamphlet of M. de Montalembert, was printed in Brussels, and then brought to Paris, where, during eight days, it had a rapid and very extensive sale. Two thousand copies were sold the first day, three thousand the second, and several thousands more were carried off in the course of the week. In fact, all who cared to buy it had already done so before the Imperial order was given for its suppression. As far as I can learn, it appears certain that the Emperor wished to have revised the concluding pages of the book with his own hands, and wanted it to appear; but the party of which the *Univers* is the organ, and which includes many powerful ecclesiastics, protested against the book, and the Empress, unwilling to risk offending these persons, issued the order for its suppression, but, apparently, purposely delayed taking this step until plenty of time had been given to the public to possess themselves of it. At present, as no more copies are obtainable, all those which had been bought before the seizure are doing a round of duty among all the friends of their owners, which threatens to wear them out very speedily; each reader, on finishing the pamphlet, passing it on to another, and this friend to another, and so on. It is currently reported that the Emperor is meditating some plan of making the Gallican Church still more independent of Rome, some day even of making himself Pope in France. This, however, does not seem very probable; though his Imperial Majesty is most emphatically a man whose movements it is hard to divine beforehand.

Meantime, a very interesting old document has just turned up in Brussels, where Dr. Pertz, librarian to the King of Prussia, has just discovered the manuscript journals of the two Genoese navigators, Teodosio Dorio and Ugolino Vivaldi, who doubled the Cape of Good Hope 1290, 207 years before Vasco di Gama.

QUANTUM.

EMIGRATION FROM LOUISIANA TO HAYTI.—The New Orleans Delta says:—"Large parties of free persons of color have lately, at intervals, emigrated to Port-au-Prince, in Hayti, for the purpose of there settling. They carry out with them farming implements, goods, a goodly quantity of the "rhino," and all the necessary articles to constitute a settlement. It seems that the Government of Hayti holds forth great inducements to persons of color, giving them a tract of land to settle on, and also paying their passage thither—which two things are, perhaps, the main cause of this precipitate rush for Hayti, though not altogether the sole cause, as the stringent laws made a short time since by the Legislature of Louisiana in regard to free persons of color remaining in the State, may be with justness assigned as a partial motive for the emigration of those persons we alluded to. The first party of these emigrants, numbering some 150, sailed from this place in May last, in the brig West Indian. The second division left yesterday, in the schooner A. C. Brewer. This party amounted to about 195 persons. All that had families took them along, leaving nothing behind. We are informed by reliable authority, Messrs. P. & W., that this last party will be succeeded by another in the course of another month."

WHAT A JEALOUS WOMAN DID BEFORE SHE FAINTED.—In Milwaukie, Wisconsin, last week, a lady, returning from a morning drive, on approaching the room usually occupied by herself and husband, heard voices. She stopped, listened, placed her eye to the key-hole, and saw, to her horror, a woman standing on the floor, and her husband in the same room, fixing a shawl over her shoulders. Enraged at the infidelity of her husband, she went to the hall, took down a loaded shot-gun, returned, cocked the gun, opened suddenly the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. Her husband screamed, when the excited and abused wife fainted. On having returned to consciousness, she learned that the woman who had supplanted her in the affections of Mr. ——— was one of those frames for exhibiting shawls and mantillas on, which he that morning had brought up from the store to have retrimmed by his wife, in her usual tasty style. Not finding his wife in, he was looking at the figure, and fixing it up as a surprise for her, when her sudden jealousy liked to have cost him his life.

THE BAYONET AND ARTILLERY.—A writer on the war says:—"It does not exhibit much proof of generalship in the French to find that the bayonet is the weapon they rely on most—for it is the most primitive of all weapons, being nothing more than a very slight modification of the fork, with which from time immemorial the hind has goaded on the stubbornness and ox to its accustomed task. Gunpowder, fulminating powder, and gun-cotton, seem after all a great deal more familiar to the chymist, the blaster and the miner than to the military man. Soldiers lag very far in the rear of modern science. I suspect, however, the truth to be that the French army has no great captain in its immense hosts—not even a Totleben. The bayonet is the arm of militia captains. Napoleon, *the* Napoleon, depended on his artillery."

HERE SHE GOES UP.—THERE SHE GOES DOWN.—A correspondent, writing from Chicago, Illinois, says that city has changed wonderfully within the past five years. The bubble which had fascinated so much capital has exploded; fortunes have been swept away in a breath, and schemes of speculation suddenly destroyed. Property has decreased in value as rapidly as it rose, and stores which five years ago rented for $9,000 will not now command $3,000. It is thought to have reached a healthy basis, and that its further progress will be upward.

CHAMPAGNE WINE.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT IT.

Where one line has been written in America about champagne, a hundred baskets have been drank. It is, *par excellence*, the fashionable and the favorite wine of the Americans. It is always on our dinner-tables—we call for it from the frescoed ceiling of our New York hotel dining-rooms, till we reach the outskirts of our western wilderness. We call for it in the cabin of the steamship, no matter on what ocean she is floating—we drink it at the head-waters of Missouri, at the cataracts of the Nile, at the sources of the Amazon, on the vales of the La Plata, at the falls of the Ganges. If there be a good genius in wine (and a thousand inspirited odes to Bacchus, have said there is) that good genius lurks under the champagne cork. It is a wine better suited to our climate than any other, for it has the inimitable gift of creating an impromptu inspiration; and even when used with a hardly justifiable freedom, the mists which it scatters over the memory are more readily dispersed by a few hours of balmy slumber, and the invigorating breath that comes with the pure air of the rising sun.

And yet we have taken very little pains, and had very little curiosity to learn the origin and history of this unrivalled accompaniment to the scenes of joyousness and luxury that brighten and embellish our social life. We will furnish such a brief history of champagne wine, as the fruit of our observations in the champagne districts of France, where all the champagne of the world that is genuine is made, can give. Champagne is an artificial wine. Perhaps it would be better to say compound wine; for in no instance is it the simple juice of the grape, corked up after fermentation. It may, when well made, be quite as pure; but certain elements are combined in the manufacture of a fine champagne for which we depend solely upon art. Therefore the quality and flavor, and the value of champagne, always depend upon the flavor of the ingredients used in the manufacture, the processes by which it is carried on, and the skill with which it is perfected.

There is no champagne of reputation that is made without being composed of a mixture of the wines of various vintages, or vineyards.

All the champagne wine worth speaking of in this world comes from the Champagne district, which is about thirty miles long and from one and a half to three miles broad. The river Marne flows through the whole district, augmented by the numerous tribute streams that come rippling down from the circumjacent hills. This is the only district of France where grapes are grown which produce a juice specially adapted to a champagne wine. There is, indeed, the sparkling hock of Germany, and the *vino d' Asti* of Italy, both of which have, in a natural state, some of the qualities, especially the effervescing ones, of champagne. But, in no part of the world have soil, science, labor, or capital, combined with success to produce real champagne except in the beautiful valley of the Marne. There are the favorite spots for growing the champagne grape—as famous as the vineyards on the south side of the island of Madeira, which, from the period of the Romans, has been known, as the chief seat of that delicious grape which makes Madeira. So, too, along all the southern slopes of Spain and Italy, and through the extent of the Mediterranean, between the bases and the summits of the hills, where neither the moisture of the valleys nor the chills of the mountains interfere with the genial and delicate process of maturing the luxurious grape.

It is well known that the flavor of all wine, in a natural state, depends upon the chemical qualities of the soil, the dryness or the moisture, the heat or the cold of the atmosphere, and other natural causes, which in the invisible and beautiful operations of chemistry, produce these results. The odor of the flower depends not alone upon the species, or even the family to which the plant belongs. Some species, by being transplanted, change their perfume; and some have been known to lose it altogether. It is one of the nicest and most delicate and difficult problems in agricultural chemistry, to ascertain how the highest flavor and odor can be infused into the plant or the flower.

In the Champagne district, as well as in many other vineyard regions of France, and other wine countries, the grape is cut down, within from two to twelve inches of the ground every year after the vintage is gathered, and the sap has retired to the root. Our vine dressers in America may learn a lesson from this. If we could cultivate these varieties of grapes, this pruning should be thoroughly done in the fall. This is true of all grapes which produce their fruits from the new growth of the stock exclusively, and why all the pruners should cut everything down to near the surface, leaving only the eyes, from which the germs of the next spring will burst.

Our American readers must not fancy the champagne district to be one of the warm blushing valleys of the south of Italy. This district is in the latitude of Canada, and they have cold winters there. So when the process of pruning the grape in the fall is finished, the remaining stock is protected sometimes, and all the grapes that are to be grown next year, must come from the new shoots. When thus cared for the grape vine takes to growing in the root, and these roots elongate themselves sometimes for enormous distances. In Italy, and in some other portions of Europe, we have seen grape vines run immense distances, with branches lopping down and rooting again, and still growing with the utmost luxuriance, when the parent stock itself had rotted off above the ground from which it grew. Thus it is no uncommon thing in Italy to find grape vines that have been in the soil, probably for ages, producing from the original root or branches that sprang from it, without transplanting, for a period of 500 years.

This fact is so well known to students of oriental history, that it grew into a proverb at least four thousand years ago, when in "the good time coming" of the prophets of Judea, it was declared that every man should sit under his own vine and fig tree, having none to molest or make him afraid.

Some grapes attain their perfection in four, five, or six years. This is the case generally with the champagne grape.

The champagne grape produces from one to half a dozen bunches on every stock, except in poor years, as they have recently experienced several in France. But there is no relaxation in setting out new plants, or forcing the yield, whether it be a good or bad year. Neither science nor experience has yet been able clearly to ascertain the causes of failure of the grape crop.

The champagne grape matures later than many other varieties, chiefly because it has greater acidity. The champagne vintage begins about the 29th of September, and ends by the 15th of October. This period there resembles the season of cotton picking in the South, when the whole force of the district is called into requisition, and they work on night and day. In both cases the labor must be done quickly, for a heavy storm, or a long period of damp weather, would produce ruinous consequences, leaving the grapes so wet, that even if ripe, they would become mouldy and musty, and the exquisite aroma be utterly destroyed.

Great pains is taken in the process of getting the juice out after the grapes are gathered. They are brought in baskets, and on being delivered, are carefully looked over by the hands in the establishment, when the best clusters are placed in large tubs, containing one or two hundred pounds each. These grapes are purchased by the buyers of large establishments, who are always on the spot, with their orders or money. When a sufficient quantity is collected, they are carried to some place in the neighborhood, where they are pressed; and thus a fair experiment is made, and the result known. The juice is then sold to the larger dealers. But recently the more common mode has been for the large manufacturers of champagne to send their agents out through the grape districts to purchase the grapes themselves, and do their own pressing.

They thus find that they can produce a greater uniformity of quality, and assimilate their different wines into a more perfect compound. The present manner of pressing grapes does not differ essentially from what we call, in New England, the old fashioned cider press. On a platform of from four to twelve feet square, the grapes are thrown into what cider-makers will understand as cheese: and through the orifices in the bottom and in the sides of the press grapes will, by their own weight, exude the first juice, which is of course the purest and best, not being mixed with any impurities that come with the clusters when impregnated with any of the bitter or obnoxious flavor of skins or stems. In any vintage, the juice gained by the first process is the finest. But the juice of the grape has to be produced by artificial pressure, which forces it out, and although sometimes differing in the color—the coloring matter being chiefly in the skin of the grape, since the juice of nearly all grapes is very much alike in appearance—it is perfect.

Very little of the champagne that we use is made from the first quality of juice. It never could be manufactured and sold for the prices of a sham article. It is dealt in only by houses of the first reputation. Most of the champagne drunk in America comes from suspicious quarters, and we may be very thankful when we get the fruit of the grape, for, except in rare cases, we are sure to be deceived.

The juice of the grape being thus collected into a thousand or ten thousand pipes, the fermentation must take place. This is completed in a few days, when the taster of the establishment (no mean personage) goes through and ascertains the amount of acidity on the one side, and saccharine matter on the other, in every cask. Whichever quality is lacking is supplied at once, by adding sugar in the one case, and wines of a different quality in the other.

It is a nice process to determine and regulate the flavor, the bouquet, and the body of the champagne wine. It is well known that the manufacturers of the greatest experience and reputation have had more faith in learning to discriminate in the natural qualities of different vintages of the champagne wine, than they have had in the application of chemical ingredients of an artificial description. Thus the wines of different fields, or even different vintages, are successfully combined by skillful tasters, who thus produce a result finer, perhaps, than could be reached by the production of any one vintage whatever. The taster is the man upon whose judgment the process depends.

Thus, when the mixtures are complete the wine is put into large vats, containing from a thousand to five thousand bottles, where it remains until it is drawn off. By this time it has perfected itself as far as it can, when it is put into bottles, and deposited in the coldest cellars that can be made. When the spring comes on, the second fermentation of the wine takes place, and this is often attended with a heavy loss by a breakage of bottles. But those which stand the racket are then carefully wired for a year or two, and laid down flat, when a sediment gathers on the lower side of the bottle. The bottles are afterwards turned to stand perpendicular, and shaken every day, until the sediment which forms comes to the top, leaving the wine clear. After this period the bottle is not disturbed until the final process is reached, when this sediment must be got rid of, and it is to be done by a very rapid and skillful movement.

The string is cut, and the cork goes off with a pop, and with it all the sediment that had been collected. Then a small percentage of the finest crystalized sugar, with from one to three per cent. of the best brandy in the world, is added to supply the vacuum made by that small portion of wine which escaped. The bottle is instantly corked firmly, and the wine is ready for exportation.

The reason for putting some sugar in, is to overcome the asperity, roughness, or even bitterness, which might be detected in the best vintage by a fine palate; and this infinitessimal quantity of brandy is added as a corrective, to produce a chemical whole, combining and blending all the elements together. A powerful machine drives the cork home, and thus from five hundred to ten thousand bottles a day pass through a great establishment. The government of France reported last year something like sixteen millions of bottles exported. The German States consume five millions. While England takes only about six hundred thousand; France, Belgium, and Spain consume but two millions; other smaller nations in the aggregate use but two, and the balance comes to the United States.

It will thus be seen that we drink more champagne in America than all the rest of the world put together. Every quality of it is sent here, and almost any quantity without labels, that each dealer may put on what label will best suit his customers, varying the price as he can make it, for it is absolutely within our own knowledge that we have drunk champagne of all prices and all brands at the same table, when there was but one quality of champagne under all the brands, and that of the most infamous description.

The most popular, and the most reliable champagne wine known in America, has for more than a generation been the Heidseick champagne. More bottles of that brand have been sold in America than of any other; and our readers being more familiar with it, we will add one word of history in regard to the name. The facts we are about to state, we give with some confidence, for we get them from Rheims, the head-quarters of champagne.

There are three houses in Rheims that make use of the name Heidseick on their corks. The first member of the Heidseick family that established himself at Rheims was a Mr. Florent Heidseick, the great uncle of the gentleman now known throughout the world as the proprietor of the Charles Heidseick champagne. They have merited the confidence of the commercial world—they have always had an agency in New York, and only one agency at a time. The agency is now at 100 Pearl street, with the firm of T. W. Bayaud & Co. This is the only place in America to go to, to have the genuine Charles Heidseick champagne.

FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD.—The wing of the Spiritualists led by Rev. John M. Spear, claim that a congress of spirits has been formed, of which Mr. Spear is a medium. They tell us that this congress "has formed seven subsidiary co-ordinate associations, whose province may be guessed from their titles, viz.: The Association of Beneficents, of Electric-isers, of Element-isers, of Education-isers, of Healthful-isers, of Agricultural-isers, and Government-isers." The first document put forth by this Spiritual Congress, through the mediumship of Mr. Spear, is entitled the Educator, "for the Association of Government-isers," of which it is claimed Robert Rantoul is President. According to this manifesto, there is soon to be a new Republic in the United States, with a new religion.

ECONOMY IN THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.—The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the discontinuance of twenty-nine lighthouses, which were reported by the Lighthouse Board as useless. The average cost of maintaining a lighthouse is about $1,250, so that the lopping off these useless lights, has effected a saving to the amount of $36,250 per annum.

THE BIRD THAT SUNG IN MAY.

A bird last spring came to my window-shutter,
One lovely morning at the break of day;
And from his little throat did sweetly utter
A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous passion,
No solemn measure, no artistic rhyme;
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys a thousand stories,
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide;
A hallelujah for the morning glories
That bloomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending,
He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane;
Then heavenward his little bill extending,
Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue;
But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,
Nor human lips such song.

At length he flew, and left me in my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more;
And though I early waked for him each morrow,
He came not nigh my door.

But once again, one silent summer even,
I met him hopping in the new mown hay;
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven—
The bird that sung in May.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour
The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
In vain I seek through leafless grove and bower
The bird that sung in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dawning pleasures—
They charm a moment and then fly away;
Through life we sigh and seek those missing treasures,
The birds that sung in May.

This little lesson, then, my friend, remember,
To seize each bright-winged blessing in its day;
And never hope to catch in cold December,
The bird that sung in May!

DASHWOOD'S DRAG;

OR,

THE DERBY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

BY OUIDA.

CHAPTER I.

Dashwood's drag was certainly the neatest thing ever turned out of Long-acre. It wasn't particularly showy: Dash left all that to snobs who'd no better patent of nobility; but it was the nicest trap any man ever tooled along the Epsom road. It was dark-green, picked out with a lighter, and the outriders' liveries were green too; symbols of his innocence, Dash used to say. But it was the four blood grays that were the cream of it. I bet you a pony, sir, you never saw greater beauties in the yard. Dash belonged to a four-in-hand club, and he distanced Spur Harcourt, the first whip in England, by a mile and quarter driving from the Star and Garter to Knightsbridge Barracks.—Spades, Clubs, Hearts, and Diamonds are the best bits of blood that ever were rubbed down, and Dash was proud of 'em, as well he might be.

Dash (Lionel Dashwood, according to the *Court Circular, Morning Post*, and "Baronetage,") is my brother, and though his twelve years' seniority has chiselled me out of all the glories of heirship, I am magnanimous enough to admit that he is a splendid fellow, cool, proud, plucky as a terrier, strong as a bruiser, and generous as the winds. The girls (there are six between him and me) say that Dash took all the beauty of the family; and the Dashwoods were always a good looking set. But, as he says, beauty doesn't signify much; there are lots of things women like better in a fellow than just his face; and I think Dash knows it, for he is pretty well versed in boudoir lore, I can tell you, though he says he hates the *beau sexe*. When he was a Cantab he fell in love with a cousin of ours, Emily Flippetflap, and Emily jilted him and married old Curry-Dohl, a Bengal judge. I suppose it was the real thing with him, for he cut up very rough about it; and though so many years are gone by, and Dash has got over it long ago, I believe he still thinks all women are like faithless Mrs. Curry-Dohl. Dash went very wild after it: I've heard fellows often do, though *I* don't believe in love, you know. I'm nineteen, and much too wide awake for all that nonsense. He got rusticated three times, and when he pulled through at last (with honors, too, wild as he was; for Dash can learn a whole language in three minutes, and do more in an hour than reading men in a month), the Governor, or Sir Wormwood, if you fancy his title better, sent him as attaché to Vienna.—There Dash was imprisoned for sporting a treasonable wide-awake, whose audacious broad brim the Emperor thought would be sure to dethrone him. He was transferred to Rome, and here was nearly stilettoed by a fierce Prince, whose lady liked Dash's handsome face a little more than was prudent. So he gave up diplomacy; he said his forte did not lie in lies, and came home and took lodgings in Dun'emall Street, Mayfair, where, varied with yachting in the Mediterranean, hunting with the Pytchley, deer-stalking in the Highlands, and larking in Paris, he has hung out ever since. The Governor doesn't like him. Dash is too plucky and open-handed, and frank for him. He screws Dash wretchedly, and Dash won't stand it. He wanted him to stand for the county, but my brother has some ticklish notions of honor, and won't sneak out of his debts that way. The drag is a great bone of contention between them. The Governor says a ruined man has no business to keep it. Dash says if he be a ruined man he has the more need of something to amuse him, and that he would as soon part with his life as with his four grays, Spades, Clubs, Hearts and Diamonds.

Last season I stayed with Dash in Dun'emall Street, for I had just left Eton, and didn't come up to Cambridge till the Michaelmas Term. His bachelor rooms were very jolly, furnished in his own particular style—all the things in them that a fellow likes and women call lumber. Half a dozen men breakfasted with us on the Derby Day—Dash's greatest chums. He himself sat smoking with his legs over one of the arms of the chair. The best of Dash is, let him do what he will, you can't take the gentleman out of him. Put on him a carter's slop, or dress him like a navvy, he'll still look a Dashwood; and if we're not worth very much, we are not snobs, thank Heaven!

"I say, Jack," said he, to Cardonel of the Rifles, "Danaid was looking up last night."

"I know she was; but so was Morning Dawn, and all the world knows *he* couldn't win a handicap."

"Fuschia will give 'em all the go-by," said Winters, a man well known on the turf. "She's in splendid condition—nearly as tip-top as my poor Regina, that was carted out stiff as a stake the Chester Cup Day."

"I hope Fuschia won't be doctored," said Dash, laughing, "or I shall have to cut and run—levant—and see my old cronies, the Paris Bohemians."

"Box Phillips was offering a hundred to one against Fuschia, said a young fellow.

"Goose!" whispered Winters. "Don't he know that that dirty little Phillips would swear to anything that will suit Fuschia's owner?"

"Fuschia's safe to win if there's fair play, and here's success to her!" cried Dash, tossing down some soda-water and brandy, as Spades, Clubs, Hearts and Diamonds came trotting up the street.

Bass, omelettes, anchovy toast, sardines, cognac, anisette, and all the other gastronomical delights were left unheeded, and we went down into the street.

"Are you in deep, Dash?" I asked, as he took the ribbons.

"Just a few, Johnnie. Jump up."

Off we went, the "pack of cards," as Winters christened them, tossing their green and silver rosettes, and stepping out in a style to win the Derby itself. I wish you could see Dash handle those grays. It is beautiful—I assure you it is.

On we went, down the old road that everybody knows so well; in and out, threading through the thousand traps as only a first rate whip can. Past the mail coaches, with peers blowing fanfaronades on horns—past the Belgravian barouches, with pretty faces inside and champagne hampers out—past the dog-carts, mail-phætons, britschkas, drags, filled with men whose fortunes hung on Fuschia and Danaid—past the omibuses, crammed with city clerks and shopmen—past the hired carriages, with those dreadful dirty coachmen, with the invariable uniform of drab coats, and silver bands, and cotton gloves—past the large vehicles with would be grand postilions, and Fortnum and Mason prog, and sons, stiff, smart, and snobbish, and girls in Belgravian Bonnets, but in only Bloomsbury style—past the luckless city wight, trembling on a hired hack, and trying hard to look as if he and his steed were used to Rotten Row—past the poor costermongers' donkeys, crawling under heavy lards of "bakers, butchers, and candlestick-makers," who want to see the "Darby"—past 'em all we trotted, never touching a pole nor grazing a wheel, and Flareaway of the Blues, as we distanced him, gave a cheer for the pack of cards.

When we reached the Downs we drew up the ropes, and then went down to the Warren to see the horse saddle. Fuschia was the favorite, and small wonder. She was a bright bay, faultless in shape, with wonderful girth of loin and strength of limb; and when her clothing was taken off, her shining coat, wild eye, and straight neck, seemed to warrant the heavy bets laid on her. Danaid was a strong, powerful, little mare, her skin of a rich, full chestnut, her shoulder sloping, her limbs short; while Morning Dawn, condemned by Cardonel, was slender to a fault, his head too small, and his neck too arched, though he gave promise of great speed.

Winters pulled Dash aside.

"Do you see that little patch of grease on Fuschia's nose?"

Dash's eye grew grave.

"I see. You don't mean—"

"Yes I do. That's the mark of the twitch."

We went back to the drag before the start. I looked at Dash. He was witty, sarcastic, amusing as ever; but his eye was uneasy, and his lips pale. I saw he wasn't sure of his favorite.

Dash has seen a good deal of life; among other little things the Chamouni fire, a Lisbon earthquake, a shipwreck off Teneriffe, an Irish riot, and the revolution of '48; but he often says that to his taste there's no scene for excitement like a Derby Day. All the town is there—all great, throbbing, busy, bustling, serious London—all its drones and all its working bees. And what a buzz the escaped hive does make.

"Go!" Off they started, pretty fairly, bearing the fate of thousands in the speed of their fleet limbs. What a glorious sight it is; all those thorough-bred three-year-olds springing forward together, scarcely skimming the ground. They ran very evenly for a little, then some of the horses fell back, and Fuschia's jockey pressed her forward half a distance before Danaid, who ran nearly neck by neck with Morning Dawn. Fuschia kept the lead for about a quarter of a mile; Morning Dawn half a neck behind Danaid. Then, horror of horrors! the favorite began to falter, her wind gave way, her jock was punishing terribly, but neither whip nor spur was any use. An opium ball had done its work!

Dash tore his glove in two, the only sign he gave. The horses passed the Corner, and we lost them. When they came in sight, Fuschia was lagging far behind, Morning Dawn a neck before Danaid; as they neared the distance the horse passed the mare by a couple of lengths, and—won the Derby! I glanced at Dash. He was very pale, but he smiled his old winning smile.

"Never mind, Jack. The Governor's words are come true, that's all. 'Lionel Dashwood is a ruined man.' Only think how delighted Sir Wormwood will be."

I couldn't jest, for Dash is a dear old fellow, and somehow one gets fond of him.

We lunched in the drag; and over Fortnum and Mason's hamper, and the pale ale, rhenish, and cold rum-punch, he was as brilliant as in his palmiest days at a Rocher de Cancale dinner or a bal d'Opera supper; or even in those bygone times when, in his careless youth, he gave sumptuous luncheons in his old Trinity rooms to Emily Curry-Dohl, née Flippetflap, his Cambridge love. Dash is English, you see, and don't like to be beaten.

The pack of cards were put-to again, and back we went with all the other traps, rushing pele-mele to town, each racing against the other, barouche running its pole into mail-phaeton, omnibus turning over donkey-cart, hired Brougham spilling itself heavily, boys shouting, men laughing, drinking, hurrahing, and pretty girls alternately smiling and faintly screaming. On went the drag like a triumphant meteor, keeping clear of accidents and staving off concussions in a marvellous style. Suddenly there was a shock, a rush, a woman's cry and a man's oath, and—the pack of cards stood tranquil by the roadside, and a landau lay upset, its two bays kicking at their traces, their coachman swearing, their footman prone on the stones, and their ladies trembling. Dash had done it! Dash, who never drove against anything in his life, except against Jim Blase's tilbury, on purpose, in Piccadilly.

Dash was off the box in a minute, of course, and picking up a young lady. She was a very pretty little thing, and he supported her—for she was trembling all over—and entreated her in *empresse* tones to tell him if she was hurt.

"Not at all—not at all, indeed!" she said, blushing becomingly, as she disengaged herself from his arm.

"But I am afraid poor Emily is; do let me go to her."

She sprang forward to a lady who was hanging on Cardonel's arm—very much shaken, maybe—but making the most effective thing she could out of a spill so unceremonious.

"Lionel!"

"Mrs. Curry Dohl!"

There, in the most becoming Parisian toilette, stood the faithless love of college days, and certainly it was the jilt and not the jilted who evidenced emotion. Dash took off his hat with courteous smile and Grandison air; but the fair Emily caught his hand in her Jouvin's clad fingers, a soupcon of a blush pressed into her cheek, and a moisture into her eyes.

"Dear Lionel, how unexpected, how delightful a meeting!"

"You are very kind to say so," smiled Dash, growing more and more Grandison. "I should have been afraid the rencontre was too rough for a lady's taste. When did you come to England?"

"Only three weeks ago. I am staying with Flora. Come and see me," she said, with a sweet glance, expressing "forgive and forget." "I have a million things to tell you, and this fright has so deranged all my ideas that I don't know what I say."

Dash glanced at the young girl—the Flora of Mrs. Curry-Dohl—and acquiesced.

We, with the two men of Emily's escort (one of whom had sprained his ankle, the other—a worse misfortune to a dandy—split his gloves and smashed his hat,) got the bays up again, handed in the two ladies, and righted the whole concern. Away they drove, Emily reiterating to Dash that her address was "8 Coquette-square, Hyde Park," and that she would be "at home" at four to-morrow. Dash took the ribbons, and drove on the pack of cards in profound silence.

"Hallos, old fellow!" cried Winters, "that's an old acquaintance, is it? A pretty close one too, eh? For we call you Lionel, and we make sweet eyes at you, and make ourselves very interesting. Come, Dash, out with it to your bosom friends. Who is she?"

"Mrs. Curry-Dohl, a cousin of mine. She's been in India the last ten years."

"Widow, ain't she?"

"Not that I know of. No, I believe not."

"Bet you anything she is. There's a stamp about women who've done one poor devil, and want to do another, that I'd swear to at a glance. They've all the freedom of the married women, and more than the affectation of the girls. 'Don't be afraid of us, we're quite safe,' they say; but for all that, if Circe gets you, she won't let you go again."

"Hark at him!" laughed Dash. "One would think the Nisbett didn't stand much chance of being Lady Winters."

"Nor more she does, man, whatever she may fancy. I'll never marry a widow, and dine like poor Lazarus, on Dives's leavings."

"Who's that other little thing?" asked Dash. "She's good style—what pretty bright eyes she has."

"I'll tell you," said Cardonel, who was a walking Court Guide; "there's an India merchant—his name is Grantham Smith—who lives at 8, Coquette-square. I happen to know, because a son of his has just joined. Beastly, isn't it? We shall be as great snobs as the line if the Horse Guards don't interfere."

"She's nobody, then! What a deuced pity! She's a tolerable looking little creature," yawned De Courcy Bottes-Vernies.

"If all the nobodies were drummed from society, Bottes-Vernies, those who have brewers' vats for their crests would stand a bad chance," said Dash, sharply.

The young one blushed. Poor Bottes-Vernies's maternal grandfather had made his money by XXX.

CHAPTER II.

"To think that I should live to call on a Smith!—a Grantham Smith, too—making vulgarity worse by pretension," said Dash, turning the tilbury into Coquette-square. "How on earth has Mrs. Curry-Dohl fallen into the set?"

"To think that you should live to call on a Curry-Dohl! Rather strange things come to pass, old fellow. Ten years ago you wouldn't have visited Emily with such coolness."

"Ten years change one's ideas, Johnnie. Don't you know that old birds are not caught by chaff, and don't waste their time on it?"

The majestic figure, dressed as well as the Empress, that Dash so rudely symbolised by chaff, rose to greet us with just sufficient warmth to hint that, though adverse circumstances had compelled her to accept the Curry-Dohl rupee sacks, "Dear Lionel" had been always shrined in, &c., &c. You can supply the et cæteras, young lady, from your private diary, or the last new novel. I can't write all Emily's stuff; 'tisn't my line.

Dash shook hands with her, and glanced at her companion. Emily turned.

"Oh, Flora dear, my cousin, Mr. Dashwood—Miss Benyon."

The pack of cards and a cab horse are not a greater contrast than those two women.

Emily, nine-and-twenty, tall, showy, something like Dash in her clear-cut features, her large, black eyes, and white forehead—only Emily is a brunette with color, and Dash is pale, and Dash looks very haughty, and Emily *very* approachable.

Flora Benyon, instead, nineteen, small, graceful, with eyes like purple velvet, and hair like a lot of sunbeams (that last is Bottes-Vernies's idea; he is very spoony about her,) put me more in mind of Titania in an extravaganza than anything else.

She smiled and thanked Dash so prettily for picking her up the day before, that Dash looked at her as I hadn't seen him look at a woman for a long time. He generally snubs them with icy politeness, and, if they try to captivate him, holds them off with his Grandison air and don't-touch-me glance.

Emily opened fire on Dash with a touching melancholy of eye and word. She asked him if he did not see she was in mourning. Dash really didn't, it was so *very* slight. She told us poor Curry-Dohl had died a year ago. Ah! what she had suffered since she left England no words could tell. A glance implied that recollection of "dear Lionel" had been the severest of all her agonies. She hinted tenderly at the Cambridge days, but Dash was stoical, and wouldn't take the bait. Instead, he turned her cleverly over to me, and asked Flora if she went often to the Opera.

"I have been four times," said Flora, looking brightly up from her crayon drawing. "I only came to England three weeks ago. *How* I love the opera. Is it not beautiful? I felt in fairyland when I shut my eyes and listened to Piccolomini!"

Dash, who went to the Opera only to use his lorgnon, and thought Piccolomini poor to Jenny Lind, smiled at her warmth.

"Ah! Miss Benyon, you are happy, you are, at the age when the tinsel looks gold, and the acting seems feeling. How I envy you! I'm past it, unluckily."

"Now you are only laughing at me," cried Flora, smiling. "That is too bad. Please remember I am not a London belle. I really cannot be disenchanted and bored just yet."

Dash leaned forward, and looked at her kindly.

You don't know how kind he can look when he chooses.

"Heaven forfend you should! I am sick to death of the young ladies, who are used up before they are twenty, and cannot find an innocent pleasure in anything. We are so tired and jaded ourselves, you see, that there is no such treat to us as freshness and—

"I have taken a box to-night, but Mr. Grantham Smith is engaged, and can't go with us. Do you, Lionel, and Johnnie, too. It will be a charity," broke in Emily, who had not lost a word they said.

Dash, to my astonishment, consented.—Didn't people in his set level their lorgnons at the two pretty "nobodies," who were, however, rescued from the terrors of nobodyism by being seen with the exclusive Lionel Dashwood! And Dash was so devoted, too, to the niece of a Grantham Smith! He leaned over her chair, he showed her all the celebrities in the house, he entered into all her enthusiasm; I never saw Dash so interested in anything except the Derby itself. The girl was charmed with everything, and her blue eyes shone with evident admiration of Lionel, while she talked away to him with spirit and originality and talent most refreshing after the bosh one generally hears from girls. Why don't women spend less time on their toilettes and more on their minds, I wonder? We should like 'em much better, and we are the ones they get themselves up for. Emily was anything but pleased. How savage her eye looked! but she flirted away with Cardonel (who came into the box) as only an Indian widow can. Of all women, keep me from a widow; and of all widows, from an Indian one!

After the opera we went to a lansquenet at Winters's. Dash played recklessly, for a wonder, for he doesn't like gambling much.—He was silent and gloomy as we sat smoking after we came home. I asked him who Flora was.

"A niece of that odious Smith, and a ward of Curry-Dohl's. Her father and mother are dead, and her money's all lost, poor child!"

"Then she may shut up shop; she won't sell here. Emily's making hard running on you, Dash. She'll try hard to take up the game where it was left off," I remarked.

"Let her try!" answered he, puffing savagely at his pipe.

"How much did you lose yesterday?"

"Ten thousand. I got it from Abrahams at eighty per cent. I'm about ruined Master Johnnie; I shall levant, I think. I can't go on at this pace, and hang me if I'll pull in here. Jack, take my advice"—he laid his hand on my shoulder, and looked down grave and kind, as he used to do when I was a youngster, and went to him to get me out of a scrape—"keep as clear of debt as you can. It's a millstone round a man's neck, and it will drag him down to ruin as fast as anything. See what it has done for me. I believe I've as good abilities as most men. I know I've the pluck to succeed if I tried, and yet here I am at thirty-one with not an aim, not a purpose, not a pleasure in life! Think of it, young one. Good-night!"

For the next month, Dash's tilbury was eternally stopping at 8, Coquette Square, Hyde Park. Mrs. Curry-Dohl had picked up all her old acquaintance and some new ones, and had taken a house in Park Lane, where she and Flora, who was *her* ward—now Curry-Dohl was deceased—removed. Dash was of infinite use. He bought her horses, chose her barouche and brougham, corrected her visiting list, got her opera-box, and went about with her a good deal. He was wonderfully Christian in doing so much good to his ancient enemy, the woman who had given him many a heart-ache, and driven him far on his road to ruin. But there was a pretty pair of deep blue eyes in that house that never looked so bright as when he was near them, and so, perhaps, Dash's Christianity was like that of certain other saints—for what he could get. Dash sent little Flora a bouquet every day; to be sure, he sent Emily one, too, but then he lent Flora a pet mare of his, and he let Mrs. Curry-Dohl buy her own horses; and he waltzed with the girl night after night, and never by any chance with the widow. We called the two women Night and Morning; they had both lots of men after them, with this difference, that the fellows only made love to Emily, and were in love with that bright, sunny, fascinating little "Morning." Emily was an expert flirt. She did it in a stately, half-melancholy manner, but she did it very effectively and systematically. She didn't flirt when Dash was by; she sat with her great eyes fixed on him, expressing all her remorse, and penitence, and love, and saying, "Pray, take me!" as plainly as two eyes could. And who, seeing the widow in those tender, humbled, contrite moods, could possibly have guessed that, perhaps, ten minutes before, she had been laughing and talking with Cardonel, and a dozen others, giving her Parthian glances impartially to each and all in her easy, dashing laisser-aller way, that had been tried on all the A. D. C.s, the colonels, majors and civil service men of the Calcutta court?

"Lionel, I thought you were too great a nature to cherish resentment," murmured Mrs. Curry-Dohl, one morning, with her fine head bent down, and her jewelled hands folded dejectedly.

Dash, who was playing impatiently with a cockatoo, wondering where Flora could be, looked up in surprise.

"Cherish resentment? I am not aware that I do."

"Yes, you do," sighed the widow.

"To whom, then? I have no enemies; at least none that trouble my peace, and certainly none whom I consider worthy my anger."

She flushed with annoyance, but she answered meekly,

"You do, Lionel, indeed. You visit with disproportionate punishment a wrong done to you long ago—a wrong that might have pardon, if it cannot have extenuation."

"You talk in enigmas. Speak more plainly," said merciless Dash. "I have never been wronged, I assure you, and what evil has been intended for me has turned out for my good."

"You mean, then," said Emily, faintly, "that my—my—breaking off our engagement is a cause of thankfulness and happiness to you?"

Dash rose and leaned against the mantelpiece, a sarcastic smile on his lips.

"Nay, that would be too discourteous. But I am afraid, Emily, truth is, our loves at twenty are not our loves at thirty. I confess to you that I think we should have been very ill-suited, and the worst thing that could have chanced to either of us would have been for me to have held you to your word. Luckily I knew the material of that flimsy thing, a lady's honor (it is nearly as enduring as their love!), and I let you reverse the deed of gift to Mr. Curry-Dohl without bringing a breach of promise case against you. You liked his full purse better than my empty hand. You were quite wise—the world goes with you. But it is a little too *exigeant* to expect that I have passed the ten years since, in weeping for my neighbor's wife. You must allow something for a man's self-respecting pride, Emily. A woman who jilts him for another's money he will try and do his best to forget—ay, and find oblivion very easy!"

He spoke with a half-laughing, half-sneering tone that was as bad to the poor widow as a double thonging to a puppy. Mrs. Curry-Dohl burst into tears and sobbed in an effective attitude.

"You are cruel, Lionel—bitterly cruel and unjust. If I wronged you, you have been avenged. I did err, but I yielded in a moment of girlish weakness to my father's persuasion; and if I made you suffer, I have suffered myself, Heaven knows! Ten years' expiation is surely sufficient to atone for a single fault. You loved me once, Lionel!"

The tears were acting, the suffering in the false voice, the pleading in the false eyes were acting, and Dash knew it. And it was that, he has told me since, which made him speak out sternly, once for all, to Emily Curry-Dohl.

"Hush! In asserting my love, you assert the wickedness of your own act. It is because I loved you that your fickleness was unpardonable. Had my love been the passing fancy, the amusing flirtation that yours was, what you did would have signified little. But you, feeling, tender women, do not reflect on the possible consequences of your honeyed kiss and lying word. You do not remember that your falsehood may taint a man's whole lifetime, and make him look with suspicion on everything fair, or pure, or true. You do not consider that your white hand may be the first to push him into that wild and reckless life whose end is satiety and remorse. I say this to show you the evil you may work for others, not to blame you for myself. You bade me forget you, and I have happily succeeded in obeying you!" And he made her his most graceful salaam.

He left her then. I'd give a shilling to know Emily's real thoughts of the lecture and the rejection. She let him get to the door, then murmured through sobs,

"Lionel, let us at the least be friends."

"Of course, my dear Emily, if you wish it," answered my grandiose brother, with his Grandison bow and smile.

We met her four hours afterwards in the Park, looking handsomer than ever, with Cardonel and Winters on either side of her.

"Why wouldn't you see me when I called this morning?" he said, as he cantered down the Park beside Flora.

"Did you call!" asked Flora, eagerly. "Oh! how sorry I am. Mrs. Curry Dohl told me you were gone to Richmond and would not come to-day, so I took the brougham and went shopping. How very sorry I am to have missed you"

I looked to see how Dash took the flattery. He was looking softened and pleased, but not at all quizzical.

"Mrs. Curry-Dohl told you that did she? 'Qui a menti une fois mentira toujours.' Don't believe anything of me that my fair cousin tells you. Promise me not, will you?"

She looked at him full with her deep blue eyes, a little indignantly.

"Of course I shall not, Mr. Dashwood, if it's anything against you—you might be sure of that!"

"But promise," repeated Dash, his face as earnest as though he were seeing the Two Thousand run.

Little Flora tapped his arm with her whip.

"I promise; but I think you might trust me without, monsieur."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A SIAMESE CRITICISM ON EUROPEAN HABITS.

"Instead," continued the old gentleman, "of our bracing nut, mingled with fragrant spices, and tinging the mouth vermilion, they fill their mouths with poison tobacco-plant, made more black and disgusting by some mode of preparation. It makes the saliva flow from their mouths in dark yellow streams; and all about their rooms they have small vessels to catch the offensive fluid and to receive the black remains of the tobacco, whose juices have been pressed out by their teeth. These, in their very harsh language, are called quids." "Horrible beasts!" exclaimed Ronta, the ebony-teethed and pinky-lipped favorite wife. "They have no idea," said the old gentleman, "of the use of garments. Instead of dressing themselves for comfort, decency, and cleanliness, they envelope all parts of the person, those which show its symmetry and health, in close, heavy garments, hiding all blemishes, and retaining the moisture of the skin about it, instead of allowing them to be swept away by the free atmosphere, or washed away by the free and daily bathing which we use." "How," asked Ronta, "do they manage such filthy arrangements?" "It was a great mystery to me; but I was very particular to inquire, and wrote it all down on a piece of paper." He took the golden box, turning up the pawns; in the bottom were several folds of paper, from which he read as follows: "First, they draw on the feet two long cotton bags, pressing the toes together. Over this they draw a long cotton garment, which ties with strings around the lower part of the legs, and shuts them up in two tight bags, keeping the blood up in the legs till the veins almost burst." "Terrible!" breathed out the listeners, with rapt attention. "Then," went on the narrator, "they draw over this a long woollen garment, which, with thick folds, comes up around the middle of the body, and fastens with heavy straps and buckles across the shoulders. Before putting over these straps, they take a light, loose cotton jacket, which would be almost as pleasant as our own, if they permitted it to hang loosely, but they tuck it in tightly round their hot and constrained bodies, and over this they fasten a gloomy, dark-colored woollen garment, covering them from the hips to the hands in its close folds."—*Dr. Wood's Fankwei.*

ANECDOTE OF JEFFERSON.—A party, Mr. Jefferson, then President, among them, were out riding. A smart shower had fallen during the forenoon, and when they got back to Moore's Creek, the water was running up to the saddle girths of a horse. An ordinary western-looking man was sitting on the bank with a saddle in his hands. He waited until all the party had entered the stream but Mr. Jefferson, and then asked him for a ride across. To rein up to a stone, suffer him to mount, *en croupe*, and carry him to the opposite bank, was a matter of course. In a few moments the party in the rear, who had witnessed the affair, overtook our besaddled pedestrian, stretching away at a sturdy pace along the foot of Carter's mountain. "I say!" quoth a junior, "what made you let the young man pass and ask that gentleman to carry you over the creek?" "Wall," said Kentucky, in broad patois, "if you want to know, I'll tell you; I reckon a man carries yes or no in his face—the young chaps' faces said no—the old 'un's said yes." "It isn't every man that would have asked the President of the United States for a ride behind him." said the other, expecting, perhaps, to blank the bold visage of Kentucky. If such was his object, however, he was very much mistaken. "You don't say that was Tom Jefferson, do you?" was the reply, and he immediately added: "he's a * * * * * fine old fellow, anyway." "That was the President," was the response. Kentucky looked up and looked round, the locality well known to travellers at once carrying conviction to his mind. He appeared to be in a brown study for a moment; the massive features then relaxed; he burst into a loud laugh, and thus he spoke: "What do you suppose my wife, *Polly*, will say when I get back to Boone county, and tell her I've rid behind Jefferson! she'll say I voted for the *right man!*"

A SAFE RULE FOR RAILROADS.—The Directors of the ——— Road were in session. Many an important measure had been decided upon. The business was nearly completed, when the Superintendent rose and remarked that he intended issuing an important order immediately on his return.

The road was a *double track;* and a short time prior to this there had been a very serious accident, caused by the eastward bound train jumping the track just as it met the train bound west, running into it diagonally, and doing great damage to life and limb, as well as property.

To prevent like occurrences in the future, the Superintendent proposed to issue to conductors and engineer the following *rule:*

"Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other, on separate tracks, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a *dead halt* before the point of meeting, and be *very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.*"

☞ Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *opinions* of another.

☞ In regard to late suppers, cause and effect may be stated in a single word—*ostensated*—(at ten you ate it.)

DANDELIONS.

Soft are the hues that kindle up
These broad and sun-like plains of ours,
When April's dim gray mistwreaths drop
In swift and rainbow-sandalled showers.

A thousand flowers that never smiled
On the old hills I used to roam,
Come trooping in profusion wild
To beautify my prairie home.

While yet the blades of tenderest green
In slender needle-points shoot up,
The spotted adder's tongue is seen
To show a mimic lily-cup.

And clusters of the bright puccoon
Display the sunset's background dyes;
While the quaint dielytra soon
Drinks dew in gold-tipped nectaries.

And every wandering breeze that rocks
A thousand swinging bells of blue,
Steals a faint sweetness from the phlox,
And waves its blooms of purple hue.

And painted-cups lift up their urns,
Pale green with scarlet border-tips;
While from the larkspur's long curved horns
Of amethyst, the wild bee sips.

Not strangers all the floral train
That bloom beneath these blander skies;
For many a knoll in this vast plain
Is blue with violet-broideries.

And where the blue bird's glossy wings,
White blossomed haws are fluttering through,
And far and wide, the buckeye flings
Its tasselled spikes of dingy hue:

Where the wild mandrake's parasols
Mid sweet spring-beauties' beds unclose,
And hickory-buds like sheeny rolls
Of amber satin streaked with rose;

And where the slender Judas-tree
It's lilac-tinted mantle wears,
There waves the wood anemone,
Another love of fresher years.

But when along the prairies broad,
The green waves hide the winter's brown,
I've vainly watched to see the sod
Grow bright with many a golden crown.

In that long by-gone time that now
Steals dim and gray upon my view,
As oft a far-off mountain's brow
Seems mingling with the smoky blue,

When the late spring had greened the woods,
And hung the birch with powdery plumes,
And troops of red-tipped apple buds
Were bursting into paler blooms,

How oft have I the May dews brushed;
Wandering the hill-slopes up and down,
When each elastic footfall crushed
A dandelion's tasselled crown.

Or culled by scores and ranged in rows,
They decked my quiet nook of play,
Where the old apple-tree's low boughs
Dropped a cool shadow all the day.

And then I called them tiny girls
In tunic's green and yellow frocks;
Or split the shining stems in curls
And hung them in my braided locks;

While chattering bob-o'-links o'erhead
Rocked lightly on the topmost boughs,
And robin's breast of tawny red
Was glancing through the tinted snows.

And when the apple blooms were gone,
And clover-heads were blushing red,
Where once those yellow crowns had shone,
What fairy fabrics rose instead!

How oft have I that framework rare,
With one light breath dissolved away,
And watched the long plumed seeds in air
Quiver with light fantastic play!

And so I miss the humble flowers,
To poet-praises scarcely known;
I loved them in my childhood's hours,
And childhood's loves are not all flown.

ROSE SANBORN.

—*Portland Transcript.*

TAKING A PRIME MINISTER AT HIS WORD.

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the second Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister in the reign of George III. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd embarrassments.

At the election for a certain borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object the Duke, by certain well-applied arguments, by the force of urgent perseverance and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and his dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as forever indebted to him; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main an honest fellow, "as things went," and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him "that the supervisor of exercise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioner, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power on any future occasion."

"My dear friend," exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it the moment it is vacant."

"But how shall I get to see you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult thing to get admitted to you great folks, though you are so kind and complacent to us in the country."

"The instant the man dies," replied the premier (used to, and prepared for, the freedom of a contested election), "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house; by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive—thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up stairs directly, and the situation shall be disposed of according to your wishes without fail."

The parties separated; the Duke drove to a friend's house in the neighborhood, where he was visiting, without a thought of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months afterwards, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London, by the mail, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen street.

The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was expected hourly to depart this life; an event in which all Europe, and particularly Great Britain, was concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired that he might be shown up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep, for, with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantages, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question,

"Is the Duke at home?"

The porter replied:

"Yes, and in bed; but he left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."

"God forever bless him! a worthy and honest gentleman," said our applicant for the vacant post to himself, as he smiled with approbation at a prime minister so accurately keeping his promise; "how thoughtful his grace is! I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe, verily, they are as honest, and mean as well, as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them."

Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of ——— was ushered into the Duke's bedchamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awake from dreaming of the King of Spain; "is he dead?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory.

"When did he die?"

"The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff, and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in law succeed him."

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain.

"Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your despatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain, when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bedside the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and hoping "my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favor of his son-in-law at the last election of ———."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few minutes; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances, and yielding to the irritation, he sank on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, on recovering from which he dismissed his visitor with the assurance that his son-in-law should certainly have the deceased supervisor's place.

A Singular Will.—Tolam, an Irish miser, left behind him a will which contained the following legacies: "I bequeath to my sister-in-law four old stockings, lying under my bed, to the right. I bequeath to my nephew, two other old stockings, in the corner of the cupboard; to Lieutenant Stein, a blue stocking and my black cloak; to my cousin, an old boot and a red flannel pocket; to Hannah, my old pitcher, with two holes in it." When the legatees heard these strange provisions, they burst out laughing, and ridiculing the dead man's avarice, were about to leave the house. But Hannah, passing by the old pitcher, gave it a kick, which knocked it into a thousand fragments, and disclosed its contents—a quantity of gold and silver coins. Immediately, the other legatees began to investigate the contents of their legacies, and discovered that old Tolam's will was not so very ridiculous, after all!

Boy (with tin box passing through railroad car, and calling out) "Gum drops? Gum drops! Gum drops?"

Old Gent—"Oh, go away with you! I've got no teeth, and can't chew them!"

Boy—"Yes, you can, mister; they're *gum* drops."—*Spirit of the Times.*

CHOCOLATE.

The Spanish ladies of the New World are fond of chocolate to excess. Not satisfied with taking it two or three times a day, they even have it sometimes brought to them in church. For this they have often been reproved by the Bishops. But they finally winked at it, and the venerable father, Escobar, whose metaphysics, were as subtle as his morals were accommodating, formally declared that chocolate *à l'eau* did not interfere with fasting, quoting the old adage, "*Liquidum non frangit jejunium.*" Linnæus styles cocoa, *cacao theobroma* or "drink of the gods." Attempts have been made to discover the reason for so strong a denomination; some attribute it to the fact that he was passionately fond of chocolate; others that he wished to please his confessor; others out of gallantry to please a Queen who had introduced it. Chocolate has been the subject of deep dissertations, with a view to determine its nature and properties, and to place it in the category of hot, cold, or temperate food; it must be owned that these learned documents have served but little to the establishment of the truth. But time and experience, those two great masters, have established that chocolate, carefully prepared, is as wholesome as it is agreeable; that it is nutritious and easy of digestion; that it does not hurt the complexion as coffee is supposed to do, on the contrary, it clears it; that it is well suited to men of all sedentary or mental occupations, to literary men, barristers and travellers; finally, that it will not hurt the weakest stomachs; that it has proved beneficial in chronic diseases, and becomes the last resource in affections of the pylorus. Some people complain they cannot digest chocolate; others, on the contrary, pretend that it does not contain sufficient nourishment, and digests too soon. It is very probable that the first have only themselves to blame, and that they purchase bad chocolate; good chocolate will not offend the most delicate stomach. As regards the others, the remedy is easy: let them have a chop or a kidney with it, and let them thank Heaven for giving them a strong digestion. After having made a hearty and excellent breakfast, swallow a cup of good chocolate, and within three hours the digestive organs will have performed their functions. From zeal for the science, I requested various ladies to try it; they first said they should die, but found it answer so well that they glorified the professor.—*Brillat Savorin.*

A CUTE YANKEE.

The Knickerbocker, for July, contains the following new version of an old story. It is well worked up, however:—

From somewhere in the far north, where morals and piety are said most to abound, to this land of the "orange and myrtle" came, some years since, a Mr. Thompson. He was a fine specimen of the Yankee—industrious, curious, wiry, pious, and particularly prided himself on being sharp. In fact, so well he "laid his line," in a few years he had well "feathered his nest;" and was at the time our tale begins, the owner of land and slaves. A short time since, another Yankee came to Thompson's neighborhood; one Crawford, who combined the calling of clock-peddler with school keeping. These worthies were soon together; and no sooner together than, true to their instincts, they were driving a trade. Thompson contracted to board Crawford for one year, at the rate of ten dollars per month. As Crawford's calling would compel him to be absent much of his time, it was stipulated in the agreement that a credit of twenty-five cents should be allowed him for each meal taken from home during the year. At the end of the year Thompson rendered his account to Crawford thus:

Mr. Crawford to Thompson, Dr.

To 1 year's board	$120 00

Requesting an early settlement.

Crawford received the bill, "took the matter under advisement," as our Judge, old Ki Rodgers, always says, when he has determined to give judgment contrary to the law and evidence; and the next day handed Thompson the following account current:

Mr. Thompson to Crawford, Dr.

To 500 meals from home, 25 cents	$125 00
By board, 1 year	120 00
To balance due	$5 00

Prompt payment of the above small balance is respectfully solicited.

After some delay, settlement was made to the everlasting disgust of Thompson, who made up his mind to leave at once for Yankee-land, in order to recuperate his failing intellectual powers.

The Clemency of Washington.—The following is contained among a capital collection of illustrative anecdotes published in Paris in 1825. A soldier of the American army had been condemned to be shot. The unfortunate man, during several years, had devoted all his spare earnings to the support of his parents, who were very aged. When Gen. Washington ascertained this fact, he commuted the sentence to a dishonorable discharge from the regiment, remarking to the officers of the court martial: "If we take his life, we may kill three persons in place of one."

Curious Tenure.—The privilege of fishing in the Lake of Grandlieu, near Machecoul, was formerly held by this remarkable tenure—that the grantees were obliged, every year, to dance a new dance, and to sing a new song to a new tune, before the lord. The vassals of the lord of Videlou were bound to pare his nails on Christmas and Whitsun Even. They were allowed to commute this service for a present of two new born kittens, brought in a pan, at Christmas, and for a basket of fresh grapes and a pair of scissors at Whitsuntide.

Cartouche, the French robber, was once requested by a young man to be engaged in his band. "Where have you served?" asked Cartouche. "Two years with an attorney, and six months with an inspector of police." "Well," answered the chief, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if you had served in my troop."

IF I DIE FIRST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If I die first, dear love,
My mournful soul, made free,
Shall sit at heaven's high portal,
To wait and watch for thee—
To wait and watch for thee, love,
And through the deep, dark space
To peer, with human longings
For thy radiant face.

Mid all the stars of heaven,
One only shall I see,
The Earth, star of my passion,
Half Heaven for holding thee—
All Heaven for holding thee, love,
And brightest of the spheres,
By thy smile illumined,
Or hallowed by thy tears.

If I die first, dear love,—
I feel that this shall be,
For Heaven will not be Heaven
Until it's shared with thee,—
Until it's shared with thee, love,
I'll linger at the gate,
Or be thy guardian angel,
To teach thee how to wait.

And when thine hour shall come,
And through the yielding night
I see thy happy spirit
Upsoaring, robed in light,
Mine shall go forth to meet thee,
And, through th' eternal door,
Pass in with thee, rejoicing,
Made one forevermore.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Book the Second. The Golden Thread.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSEIGNEUR THE MARQUIS IN TOWN.

Monseigneur, one of the great lords in power at the court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the holiest of holiests to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur, without the aid of four strong men besides the cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four a-blaze with gorgeous decoration, and the chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets, than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favored!—always was for England (by way of example), in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was, to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way—tend to his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran: "The earth and the fullness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur."

Yet, Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public; and he had, as to both classes of affairs, allied himself per force with a Farmer-General. As to finances public, because Monseigneur could not make anything at all of them, and must consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finances private, because Farmer-Generals were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence, Monseigneur had taken his sister from a convent, while there was yet time to ward off the impending veil, the cheapest garment she could wear, and had bestowed her as a prize upon a very rich Farmer-General, poor in family. Which Farmer-General, carrying an appropriate cane with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much prostrated before by mankind—always excepting superior mankind of the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own included, looked down upon him with the loftiest contempt.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and forage where he could, the Farmer-General—howsoever his matrimonial relations conduced to social morality—was at least the greatest reality among the personages who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day.

For, the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were, in truth, not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarecrows in the rags and nightcaps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, but that the watching towers of Notre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business—if that could have been anybody's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Military officers destitute of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship; civil officers without a notion of affairs; brazen ecclesiastics, of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and looser lives; all totally unfit for their several callings, all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them, but all nearly or remotely of the order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which anything was to be got; these were to be told off by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with anything that was real, or with lives passed in travelling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were no less abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of dainty remedies for imaginary disorders that never existed, smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chambers of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was touched, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, poured their distracting babble into any ears they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodelling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with Unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time—and has been since—to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of exhaustion, at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris, that the Spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur—forming a goodly half of the polite company—would have found it hard to discover among the angels of that sphere, one solitary wife, who, in her manners and appearance, owned to being a mother. Indeed, except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world—which does not go far towards the realization of the name of mother—there was no such thing known to the fashion. Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close, and brought them up; and charming grandmammas of sixty dressed and supped as at twenty.

The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had, for a few years, some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going rather wrong. As a promising way of setting them right, half of the half-dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists, and were even then considering within themselves whether they should foam, rage, roar, and turn cataleptic on the spot—thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future, for Monseigneur's guidance. Besides these Dervishes, were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth:" holding that man had got out of the Centre of truth—which did not need much demonstration—but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and seeing of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on—and it did a world of good which never became manifest.

But, the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day, everybody there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzling and powdering and sticking up of hair, such delicate complexions artificially preserved and mended, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honor to the sense of smell, would surely keep anything going, forever and ever. The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with that ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows), the Fancy Ball descended to the Common Executioner; who, in pursuance of the charm, was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel—the axe was a rarity—Monsieur Paris, as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the Provinces, Monsieur Orleans, and the rest, to call him, presided in this dainty dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord, could possibly doubt that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white silk stockinged, would see the very stars out!

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven—which may have been one among other reasons why the worshippers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There, Monseigneur turned, and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little storm, and the precious little bells went ringing down stairs. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the Devil!"

With that he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then, they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth, and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went down stairs into the court-yard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had talked with him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been warmer in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought no check into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaint had sometimes made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets without footways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the mere vulgar in a barbarous manner. But, few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in all others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other, and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on, and leave their wounded behind, and why not? But, the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and there were twenty hands at the horses' bridles.

"What has gone wrong?" said Monsieur, calmly looking out.

A tall man in a nightcap had caught up a bundle from among the feet of the horses, and had laid it on the basement of the fountain, and was down in the mud and wet, howling over it like a wild animal.

"Pardon, Monsieur the Marquis!" said a ragged and submissive man, "it is a child."

"Why does he make that abominable noise? Is it his child?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur the Marquis—it is a pity—yes."

The fountain was a little removed; for the street opened, where it was, into a space some ten or twelve yards square. As the tall man suddenly got up from the ground, and came running at the carriage, Monsieur the Marquis clapped his hand for an instant on his sword-hilt.

"Killed!" shrieked the man, in wild desperation, extending both arms at their length above his head, and staring at him. "Dead!"

The people closed round, and looked at Monsieur the Marquis. There was nothing revealed by the many eyes that looked at him but watchfulness and eagerness; there was no visible menacing or anger. Neither did the people say anything; after the first cry, they had been silent, and they remained so. The voice of the submissive man who had spoken, was flat and tame in its extreme submission. Monsieur the Marquis ran his eyes over them all, as if they had been mere rats come out of their holes.

He took out his purse.

"It is extraordinary to me," said he, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is for ever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses. See! Give him that."

He threw out a gold coin for the valet to pick up, and all the heads craned forward that all the eyes might look down at it as it fell. The tall man called out again with a most unearthly cry, "Dead!"

He was arrested by the quick arrival of another man, for whom the rest made way. On seeing him, the miserable creature fell upon his shoulder, sobbing and crying, and pointing to the fountain, where some woman were stooping over the motionless bundle, and moving gently about it. They were as silent, however, as the men.

"I know all—I know all," said the last comer. "Be a brave man, my Gaspard! It is better for the poor little plaything to die so, than to live. It has died in a moment without pain. Could it have lived an hour as happily!"

"You are a philosopher, you there," said the Marquis, smiling. "How do they call you?"

"They call me Defarge."

"Of what trade?"

"Monsieur the Marquis, vender of wine."

"Pick up that, philosopher and vender of

wine," said the Marquis, throwing him another gold coin, "and spend it as you will. The horses there; are they right?"

Without deigning to look at the assemblage a second time, Monsieur the Marquis leaned back in his seat, and was just being driven away with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and could afford to pay for it; when his ease was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage, and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked at the spot where Defarge the vender of wine had stood a moment before; but the wretched father was grovelling on his face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark, stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged front, except as to the spots on his nose; "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw this at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and so hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and beyond it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye, was raised. Among the men, not one.—But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other rats; and he leaned back in his seat again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was driven on, and other carriages came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they slunk, and through which they peeped. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the women who had tended the bundle while it lay on the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball—when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up at supper, all things ran their course.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSIEUR THE MARQUIS IN THE COUNTRY.

A beautiful landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency towards an appearance of vegetating unwillingly—a dejected disposition to give up, and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his travelling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postilions, fagged up a steep hill. A blush on the countenance of Monsieur the Marquis was no impeachment of his high breeding; it was not from within; it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the travelling carriage when it gained the hill-top, that its occupant was steeped in crimson. "It will die out," said Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

In effect, the sun was so low that it dipped at the moment. When the heavy drag had been adjusted to the wheel, and the carriage slid down hill, with a cinderous smell, in a cloud of dust, the red glow departed quickly; the sun and the Marquis going down together, there was no glow left when the drag was taken off.

But there remained a broken country, bold and open, a little village at the bottom of the hill, a broad sweep and rise beyond it, a church-tower, a windmill, a forest for the chase, and a crag with a fortress on it used as a prison. Round upon all these darkening objects as the night drew on, the Marquis looked, with the air of one who was coming near home.

The village had its one poor street, with its poor brewery, poor tannery, poor tavern, poor stable-yard for relays of post-horses, poor fountain, all usual poor appointments. It had its poor people too. All its people were poor, and many of them were sitting at their doors, shredding spare onions and the like for supper, while many were at the fountain, washing leaves, and grasses, and any such small yieldings of the earth that could be eaten. Expressive signs of what made them poor, were not wanting; the tax for the state, the tax for the church, the tax for the lord, tax local and tax general, were to be paid here and to be paid there, according to solemn inscription in the little village, until the wonder was, that there was any village left unswallowed.

Few children were to be seen, and no dogs. As to the men and women, their choice on earth was stated in the prospect—Life on the lowest terms that could sustain it, down in the little village under the mill; or captivity and Death in the dominant prison on the crag.

Heralded by a courier in advance, and by the cracking of its postilions' whips, which twined snake like about their heads in the evening air, as if he came attended by the Furies, Monsieur the Marquis drew up in his travelling carriage at the posting-house gate. It was hard by the fountain, and the peasants suspended their operations to look at him. He looked at them, and saw in them, without knowing it, the slow, sure filing down of misery-worn face and figure, that was to make the meagreness of Frenchmen an English superstition which should survive the truth through the best part of a hundred years.

Monsieur the Marquis cast his eyes over the submissive faces that drooped before him, as the like of himself had drooped before Monseigneur of the Court—only the difference was, that these faces drooped merely to suffer and not to propitiate—when a grizzled mender of the roads joined the group.

"Bring me hither that fellow!" said the Marquis to the courier.

The fellow was brought, cap in hand, and the other fellows closed round to look and listen, in the manner of the people at the Paris fountain.

"I passed you on the road?"

"Monseigneur, it is true. I had the honor of being passed on the road."

"Coming up the hill, and at the top of the hill, both?"

"Monseigneur, it is true."

"What did you look at so fixedly?"

"Monsieur, I looked at the man.

He stooped a little, and with his tattered blue cap pointed under the carriage. All his fellows stooped to look under the carriage.

"What man, pig? And why look there?"

"Pardon, Monseigneur; he swung by the chain of the shoe—the drag."

"Who?" demanded the traveller.

"Monseigneur, the man."

"May the Devil carry away these idiots! How do you call the man? You know all the men of this part of the country. Who was he?"

"Your clemency, Monseigneur! He was not of this part of the country. Of all the days of my life, I never saw him."

"Swinging by the chain? To be suffocated?"

"With your gracious permission, that was the wonder of it, Monseigneur. His head hanging over—like this!"

He turned himself sideways to the carriage, and leaned back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head hanging down; then recovered himself, fumbled with his cap, and made a bow.

"What was he like?"

"Monseigneur, he was whiter than the miller. All covered with dust, white as a spectre, tall as a spectre!"

The picture produced an immense sensation in the little crowd; but all eyes, without comparing notes with other eyes, looked at Monsieur the Marquis. Perhaps, to observe whether he had any spectre on his conscience.

"Truly, you did well," said the Marquis, felicitously sensible that such vermin were not to ruffle him, "to see a thief accompanying my carriage, and not open that great mouth of yours. Bah! Put him aside, Monsieur Gabelle!"

Monsieur Gabelle was the Postmaster, and some other taxing functionary, united; he had come out with great obsequiousness to assist at this examination, and had held the examined by the drapery of his arm in an official manner.

"Bah! Go aside!" said Monsieur Gabelle.

"Lay hands on this stranger if he seeks to lodge in your village to night, and be sure that his business is honest, Gabelle."

"Monseigneur, I am flattered to devote myself to your orders."

"Did he run away, fellow?—where is that Accursed?"

The accursed was already under the carriage with some half-dozen particular friends, pointing out the chain with his blue cap. Some half-dozen other particular friends promptly haled him out, and presented him breathless to Monsieur the Marquis.

"Did the man run away, Dolt, when we stopped for the drag?"

"Monseigneur, he precipitated himself over the hill-side, head first, as a person plunges into the river."

"See to it, Gabelle. Go on!"

The half-dozen who were peering at the chain were still among the wheels, like sheep; the wheels turned so suddenly that they were lucky to save their skins and bones; they had very little else to save, or they might not have been so fortunate.

The burst with which the carriage started out of the village and up the rise beyond was soon checked by the steepness of the hill. Gradually, it subsided to a foot pace, swinging and lumbering upward among the many sweet scents of a summer night. The postilions, with a thousand gossamer gnats circling about them in lieu of the Furies, quietly mended the points to the lashes of their whips; the valet walked by the horses; the courier was audible, trotting on ahead into the dim distance.

At the steepest point of the hill there was a little burial-ground, with a Cross and a new large figure of our Saviour on it; it was a poor figure in wood, done by some inexperienced rustic carver, but he had studied the figure from the life—his own life, may be—for it was dreadfully spare and thin.

To this distressful emblem of a great distress that had long been growing worse, and was not at its worst, a woman was kneeling. She turned her head as the carriage came up to her, rose quickly, and presented herself at the carriage door.

"It is you, Monseigneur! Monseigneur, a petition!"

With an exclamation of impatience, but with his unchangeable face, the Marquis looked out.

"How, then! What is it? Always petitions!"

"Monseigneur. For the love of the great God! My husband, the forester."

"What of your husband, the forester? Always the same with you people. He cannot pay something?"

"He has paid all, Monseigneur. He is dead."

"Well! He is quiet. Can I restore him to you?"

"Alas, no, Monseigneur! But he lies yonder, under a little heap of poor grass."

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, there are so many little heaps of poor grass."

"Again, well?"

She looked an old woman, but was young. Her manner was one of passionate grief; by turns she clasped her veinous and knotted hands together with wild energy, and laid one of them on the carriage door—tenderly, caressingly, as if it had been a human breast, and could be expected to feel the appealing touch.

"Monseigneur, hear me! Monseigneur, hear my petition! My husband died of want; so many die of want; so many more will die of want."

"Again, well? Can I feed them?"

"Monseigneur, the good God knows: but I don't ask it. My petition is, that a morsel of stone or wood, with my husband's name, may be placed over him to show where he lies. Otherwise, the place will be quickly forgotten, it will never be found when I am dead of the same malady, I shall be laid under some other heap of poor grass. Monseigneur, they are so many, they increase so fast, there is so much want. Monseigneur! Monseigneur!"

The valet had put her away from the door, the carriage had broken into a brisk trot, the postilions had quickened the pace, she was left far behind, and the Marquis, again escorted by the Furies, was rapidly diminishing the league or two of distance that remained between him and his chateau.

The sweet scents of the summer night rose all around him, and rose, as the rain falls, impartially, on the dusty, ragged, and toil-worn group at the fountain not far away; to whom the mender of roads, with the aid of the blue cap, without which he was nothing, still enlarged upon his man like a spectre, as long as they could bear it. By degrees, as they could bear no more, they dropped off one by one, and lights twinkled in little casements; which lights, as the casements darkened, and more stars came out, seemed to have shot up into the sky instead of having been extinguished.

The shadow of a large high-roofed house, and of many overhanging trees, was upon Monsieur the Marquis by that time; and the shadow was exchanged for the light of a flambeau, as his carriage stopped, and the great door of his chateau was opened to him.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, not yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GRAND BALLOON EXCURSION—ASCENSION AT ST. LOUIS.—*St. Louis, July* 1.—The first grand experimental air voyage to the seaboard took place from Washington Square this evening. Professors Wise, La Mountain, and Gager made a successful ascension in their mammoth balloon, Atlantic, at forty minutes after six o'clock. The inflation was witnessed by thousands of citizens within the Square, and outside the enclosure there was a dense throng.

Wm. Hyde, the reporter of the Republican, accompanied the voyagers, but should his weight prove an obstruction to the passage, he would be landed at a favorable point; and this course will be repeated, if necessary for the accomplishment of the end in view, until all the party, excepting one, together with the boat, be landed—Mr. Wise being determined to reach the Atlantic coast if such a thing is possible. A package containing letters and St. Louis papers has been sent by the United States Express, which will be forwarded to the agent at New York from whatever place; the aeronauts alight. They expect to reach some point on the seaboard between 9 and 12 o'clock to-morrow.

Mr. Brooks, the manager of the St. Louis Museum, preceded the main party a few minutes in his balloon, Cornet, designing to accompany the Atlantic a short distance and return in the morning. The weather is favorable, and the balloon took a direction towards Lake Erie, but when last seen was pursuing a course almost due east.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.—The balloon Atlantic, with Prof. Wise, &c., left St. Louis at 20 minutes to 7 P. M. on the 1st, and landed near Troy, N. Y., on the 3d. One of the aeronauts says: "The whole distance travelled is 1,150 miles; we started at 6:40 P. M. on Friday from St. Louis, and landed at Henderson, Jefferson county, at 2:20 Saturday P. M."

AMONG the chaplains who have just been appointed to the army in Italy is the Rev. Father Parabere, who distinguished himself in the Crimea. In one action in which he was by the side of Gen. Canrobert, his horse was killed under him. "That, reverend sir," said the general, is an accident without remedy—I cannot get you another horse—*au revoir.*" But Father Parabere thought it his duty to be present in the combat, and, seeing a cannon approach, he jumped astride it, and was conveyed in that manner into the midst of the action, where he exercised his sacred ministry by assisting the wounded and administering religious consolation to the dying.

IMPRESSED.—Mr. Antonio Canale, a well-known fruiterer of Charleston, who recently sent 300 bales of cotton to Genoa, by the bark Hollander, has been impressed into the Sardinian army, while in Genoa on business connected with his shipment. A rumor to the above effect has been prevalent in this city for several weeks.—*Charleston (S. C.) Mercury.*

THE latest freak of suicide occurred last Sunday, near Cumminsville, Ohio, where a German, named Hutoff, got up at five o'clock in the morning, went out and chalked his last will and testament on the cellar door, conveying all his property to his wife, and then cut his throat.

GENERAL ESTHASSE, who was killed at the battle of Magenta, is said to have been shot by one of his own men, who hated him intensely. He was shot in the back of the neck, it was supposed in revenge for his part in the *coup d'etat.*

IN Mexico, U. S. envoy McLane has addressed to Miramon's government a remonstrance against the withdrawal of the exequators of U. S. consuls and the murder of American citizens at Tacubaya. He warns Miramon that redress will be demanded and enforced at all hazards.

MR. DISRAELI, though a Jew by birth, is a member of the Church of England, and therefore has found no difficulty in taking the oath, "on the true faith of a Christian."

SOLITUDE.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest! for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind. —*George Herbert.*

☞ TELEGRAPH LITERATURE.—The literature of the telegraph, as evinced by the messages to be seen in almost any of the telegraph offices in this city, is decidedly peculiar and exceedingly interesting. For instance, imagine, if you can, a more touching allusion to the death of a near and dear relative, than the following: "John dead—on ice—won't keep—come quick."

☞ "There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the *right way*, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong way*, they give a great deal of trouble."

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

MANTUA BESIEGED BY THE ALLIES—BRESCIA OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIES—VICTOR EMMANUEL RETURNS THE DICTATORSHIP OF BOLOGNA AND THE ANNEXATION OF THE ROMAN STATES—REPULSE OF GARIBALDI—ADVANCE ON DESENZANO—AUSTRIAN ACCOUNTS OF MAGENTA.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The steamship Vanderbilt has arrived from Havre and Southampton, bringing London and Liverpool dates to Wednesday, the 22d ult., four days later than previous advices.

There are no battles to report from the seat of war, but the allies are besieging Mantua, and another decisive battle may be soon expected.

The Austrians have issued at Mantua a forced paper currency of five millions sterling.

King Victor Emmanuel has officially declared that he would not consent to the annexation of any part of the Roman States to Sardinia, and refused the Dictatorship offered him by the commissioners from Bologna, in pursuance of his determination to decline the annexation of any part of the States of the Church. The King had also sent a messenger to the Pope to assure him that he has nothing to fear, and that the independence of the Peninsula would be a guaranty, and not a menace, to the neutrality and integrity of the States of the Church.

The Austrians have removed their headquarters to Villa Franca, midway between Verona and Mantua. They have abandoned Lonato, on Lake Guarda, and also Castiglione and Monte Chiaro, which positions they recently occupied in great force and had strongly fortified.

Gen. Garibaldi marched on the 20th ult. from Salo, on Lake Garda, towards Desenzano, but was repulsed by an Austrian force. He has since pushed his outposts to Balladore in the direction of Bordio, which latter place is occupied by the Austrians.

The Austrian official account of the losses sustained during the battle of Magenta have been published. The killed are stated at 63 officers, 1,302 soldiers; total, 1,365. The wounded, 218 officers, 4,138 soldiers; total, 4,348. The missing, 4,000 soldiers. Total of killed, wounded and missing, 9,713.

Advices from Egypt say that the Pasha has ordered the suspension of the works in connection with the canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The French Consul has protested against this interference.

A dispatch from Berlin says that six Prussian corps d'armee besides the Guard are to be mobilized, and three others kept in reserve to oppose Russia, if necessary. All the other corps will be concentrated, and only a sufficient number of troops left in the provinces to garrison the towns and fortresses.

Various bulletins from the seat of war present the following as the state of affairs:

The Sardinian army is in position before Brescia, in line with the French troops. The cities of Fano, Urbino, Fossombrone, Sesa and Ancona had all pronounced in favor of the national cause.

Another despatch says that the Austrians had re-occupied Monte Chiaro on the 17th, in considerable force.

A despatch from Berne, dated the 18th, says that the Austrians, in great force, have occupied the Stelvio Pass, blown up the Devil's Bridge, and planted their artillery in the pass; they have also made intrenchments at Nanders. A French army is advancing by forced marches against this position.

Gen. Garibaldi was organizing a free corps in the Valtelline.

The city of Mantua is besieged; the provisioning of the place has been ordered.

The Austrians had destroyed the railway from Milan to Brescia, but that which joins Mantua, Verona and Venice remains intact.

Kossuth left Marseilles on the 21st for Genoa.

The report that Count Portales, the Prussian ambassador, had been sent to the head-quarters of both of the belligerent armies, is untrue. He was daily expected in Paris.

Count Rechberg, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, accompanied by the Prussian ambassador at Vienna, had gone to Verona to meet the Emperor.

The subscriptions to the Prussian loan of thirty millions of thalers had reached nearly that sum.

The French official reports make their loss at the battle of Magenta—killed 323, wounded 3,165, missing 470: and at the battle of Melegnano—killed 154, wounded 725, missing 64.

The Austrian prisoners are to be sent to Algiers, to be employed on the public works, in agricultural pursuits, &c.

Gold and silver medals are to be distributed by the King of Sardinia to the Zouaves who distinguished themselves at Palestro.

King Leopold, of Belgium, was making preparations to visit England.

The London Times, speaking of Kossuth's mission to Italy, says he will be employed at once in acting on the Hungarian regiments in the Austrian service, and if possible, produce a revolt in Hungary itself.

The same paper, referring to the Russian circular of the 27th of May, says that it has failed to convince the German Government that the German Confederation was formed for defensive purposes only. Prince Gortschakoff's dispatch must be considered a complete confirmation of the continually recurring report that Russia has promised France to interfere, should the German Bund render assistance to Austria.

ENGLAND.—Prince Esterhazy, after a lengthened absence from England, has arrived in London. Lord John Russell received, on Tuesday, at the Foreign office, the Ministers & Foreign governments accredited to the Court of St. James. The Right Hon. H. Ellsworth is appointed Chief of the Commissioner of Works. Mr. Massey will be Chairman of Ways and Means. Mr. Bagwell, M. P., from Clonmel, will be the First Lord of the Treasury. Sir Alexander Cockburn is Chief Justice of England. Lord Palmerston has appointed Hon. Evelyn Ashley and Mr. Charles George Barrington his private Secretaries.

INDIA.—Advices from India announce that there are signs of mutiny at Gwalior, Meerut, and other places, among the European troops.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool, June 21.—Cotton Market.—The market closed quiet, and quotations are barely maintained.

State of Trade.—The advices from Manchester are favorable.

Breadstuffs.—The quotations for Breadstuffs show an advance over the prices current on Friday. Flour is quoted as very dull. Corn is quiet.

Provisions.—The market shows a declining tendency. Lard is heavy and offered at a decline. Beef is heavy and quotations nominal. Pork dull; prices easier, but quotations are unchanged.

London, June 21.—The Money market is heavy; Consols are quoted at 92¼@92¾ ex divided for account. The depression in the London money market is owing to the increasing apprehensions of a general European war, Consols had undergone a partial relapse, but finally closed at 92¼@92¾. American securities were unchanged.

THE meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—*Wordsworth.*

☞ A fortunate man is he who, born poor, or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and, having got them, dies before he finds they were not worth so much trouble.

Who, by aspersions, throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own.
—*George Herbert.*

☞ "I never come late to a friend's dinner," says Boileau, "for I have observed that, when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The principal members of the new British Ministry are Viscount Palmerston, First Lord of the Treasury: Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer: Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies: Hon. Sidney Herbert, Secretary of State for the War Department: Hon. Charles Wood, Secretary of State for the India Department: Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty: Lord Campbell, Lord Chancellor. Earl Granville, President of the Council. Duke of Argyll, Lord Privy Seal: Earl of Elgin, Postmaster-General: Hon. Richard Cobden, President of the Board of Trade.

In order to carry out his design of besieging the Austrians behind the fortresses in the "historical square," between the Mincio and Adige, Napoleon has demanded 100,000 additional men.

The Austrians are reported to be concentrating their forces at Mantua, for an attack on the allied troops. A detachment is also said to have entered the Valteline.

Prince Napoleon has put his troops in motion.

The mobilization of the Prussian army and the more hostile attitude which the German Confederation has assumed, creates great uneasiness, a general European war being apprehended.

A despatch from Vienna says the French have established a depot on the Albanian coast, and disembarked large quantities of gold coin.

The French fleet in the Adriatic was receiving powerful reinforcements, and was expected to disembark soon, between Venice and Trieste.

The first detachment of the siege flotilla had left Toulon for the Adriatic.

The London Times' Paris correspondent speaks of dissatisfaction being manifested by some Italians at the territorial accessions of the King of Sardinia. They protest against his taking possession of Lombardy, and ask for a "confederation," not a "fusion."

Le Nord says the second series of operations will be simultaneously commenced by sea and land.

Klapka, the Hungarian patriot, had issued a proclamation to the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army. A Polish legion is forming in Italy, and a Hungarian one at Genoa.

Vienna letters say that the *corps d'armee*, commanded by the Archduke Charles, was beginning to leave for Italy. The third corps, under the Archduke Albert, was moving from upper and lower Austria to Trieste.

A thirteenth Austrian *corps d'armee*, was about to be formed, and was also destined for Italy.

A second Austrian extraordinary levy is to be terminated by the 15th of September, and the military stature of the men reduced.

Garibaldi's corps is represented as becoming daily more formidable. It was threatening the Southern Tyrol, where the people were getting extremely impatient of Austrian rule.

Dr. Cullen, of Dublin, is out with a long pastoral letter to the clergy of his Diocese, in which he denounces Piedmont as anti (Roman) Catholic and favors Austria.

It is stated that owing to the low price of pig iron, several manufactories in South Staffordshire have resolved to blow out a portion of their furnaces. The list published includes 17, the average make of which is alleged to be from 2,000 to 2,500 tons per week.

It is stated in Paris that the evacuation by the Austrians of the Roman States is in accordance with a plan to let loose the republican party, and thus compel the French to put the insurgents down, and to place them in a false position.

A private letter from the field of battle says that since the active work began, Napoleon III. knocks up two horses every day, being in the saddle from four o'clock in the morning; and some of his grooms have just reached Paris for a fresh supply from the imperial stud. His indefatigable inspection of all matters involving supply, commissariat and reinforcement is the theme of the whole army.

The Times' Paris correspondent remarks that, as Lombardy and Tuscany are occupied by the French, the summoning of the Italians to arms by the Emperor's proclamation doubtless applied to the Pontifical States and the Neapolitans. We may, therefore, expect to see before long the Papal authority circumscribed to the city of Rome and its immediate suburbs. Parma has demanded French troops. The reserves of the Imperial Guard leave on Friday for Italy. Two divisions of the army of Lyons are preparing to leave.

NAPLES.—*Naples*, (Sunday night.)—The Sardinian Minister and Consul and the French Consul illuminated this evening. The people in large bodies promenaded before their houses. At length they burst into cries of "*Viva Italia!*" "*Viva l'Independenza Italiana!*" On passing beyond the French Consulate, they were met by a body of gendarmes and policemen, who with their guns and swords laid about them, and beat quiet individuals like dogs. What I note, I watched from a window.

According to the prevalent conjecture, peace is to be proposed to the Emperor Napoleon on certain conditions, and if these are refused, Germany is to enter into the war. Under these circumstances, there is great anxiety and stagnation in all the commercial cities.

TELEGRAPHIC CABLE TO GIBRALTAR.—The Daily News announces that Government has entered into arrangements for laying down as speedily as possible a telegraphic cable direct from Falmouth to Gibraltar, a distance of 1,100 nautical miles. The existing state of war shows the importance of securing a means of telegraphic communication with the British possessions in the Mediterranean, totally independent of any continental medium.

It was reported that the generals under Marshal Pelissier are forthwith to repair to their respective stations, and it was considered not improbable that the army now called the army of the Rhine, would soon be denominated the army of the Rhine. The French army of observation on the Rhine frontiers numbers 71,000 men.

Commercial letters from Vienna describe the financial condition of Austria as being one of complete bankruptcy.

Louis Kossuth has left London for Paris, with French passports. On Monday next he will arrive at Genoa, where a becoming reception awaits him. He will have an audience with Napoleon, but no grounds exist for the report in circulation as to his plans.

The Times says that Russia is making vast warlike preparations at all the naval depots. The Nova division of the fleet is reported to number eighty-eight first-class ships, and the Baltic fleet thirty-five sail of the line, of which fourteen screw steamers are at Cronstadt.

A BULL-DOG ATTACKING AN ELEPHANT—HOW HE CAME OUT.—The Petersburg (Va.) Express says: An amusing incident occurred while Van Amburgh's menagerie was crossing the Appomattox, a short distance above the Pocahontas Bridge, strikingly illustrative of the fact that the bull-dog is the most courageous of all animals, and will attack any creature, regardless of size. As the elephant entered the water, with his usual slow and cautious step, some individual in the crowd, prompted by a spirit of mischief, hied on a large bull-dog to attack the huge animal. The dog instantly obeyed, and, plunging into the water, seized hold of one of the hind legs of the elephant, on which the latter only switched him with his tail, as he would brush off a fly; but not ridding himself of his assailant by such gentle means, and feeling sharp teeth at work upon his leg, he suddenly threw his snout around, and seizing the dog, held him under the water until he was nearly drowned, then, raising him high in the air, threw him at least a hundred feet into the stream. Fully satisfied with the punishment he had received, the dog made his way to the shore, and beat a hasty retreat.

CROSSING OF THE NIAGARA FALLS ON A THIRTY-ROPE.—Niagara Falls, June 30.—Mons. Blondin performed his hazardous feat to-day, of walking across the river on a tight-rope, in the presence of from five to ten thousand spectators. He first crossed from the American side, stopping midway to refresh himself with a drink of water, which he drew up in a bottle with a rope, from the steamer "Maid of the Mist." The steamer accompanied him to be of service in case of accident. He crossed over in 17½ minutes, and returned in 12 minutes.

The rope is two inches in diameter, and about 1,300 feet long. It has a vast number of stays extending to either shore, giving the rope an appearance like a net spread over the chasm. These guys do not extend to the centre of the river—there is a clear piece of rope for about 200 feet in the centre, without stays. The catenarian curve of the rope gives it a depression in the centre of about 70 feet from a true line. To draw the rope any more, to straighten it, would be likely to sever it. It has now all the tension it will safely bear.

About four thousand spectators saw the crossing from the American side, from a pleasure garden, admittance twenty-five cents a head, and eight thousand from the Canada side, free. The crowd was quiet, a very large proportion of it being composed of ladies. The Tribune's report says:

At precisely half-past 4 o'clock, M. Blondin appeared in the pleasure garden, where the American end of the rope was fastened. There was a short tight-rope erected herein, upon which the daring Frenchman mounted, and went through many of his most graceful and pleasing feats, to the great admiration of the spectators. He was dressed in a dress similar to the one frequently worn by acrobats and public gymnasts, viz.: pink tights, buckskin moccasins, and spangled tunic of yellow silk; he was bareheaded, without even the fillet of white satin that is frequently worn.

At 15 minutes past 5 he stepped upon the large rope, where he conversed a few minutes with his friends in the most cool and unconcerned manner, having apparently no more doubt of his successfully accomplishing this undertaking than he had of attempting it. As he stood for a moment on the rope, before stepping out, he addressed the crowd as follows:—

"Gentlemen, any one what please to across, I carry him on my back."

No one one seemed disposed to accept the kind offer, and having joked a few minutes longer, he at last started on his perilous journey. He walked rapidly and firmly, as if he had been on a bridge, until he chose to stop to indulge in some gymnastic evolutions for a few minutes. He balanced himself on one leg, sat down and laid down on the rope at full length, then recovering himself, he walked to the middle of the river, where he again stopped to accomplish yet another feat not down in the bill. Here, standing on the rope, with as much indifference as if it was a solid platform, he deliberately lowered a small line to the little steamboat, the "Maid of the Mist," that had steamed out to that point; to the line was attached a bottle of wine by the captain of the boat, and the bottle being drawn up by the adventurer, he opened it, and, making a comprehensive bow to both crowds on the sides of the river, he drank the health of all present; then throwing the bottle into the river, he walked on, stopping no more until he reached the Canada shore. He was exactly nineteen minutes crossing the river, including stops. On his arrival on the Canada shore he was cheered vociferously. He waited here about half an hour, when he prepared to return. At 6.42 he stepped on the rope to commence his return passage. He rested but once, lying down on the rope for two minutes, and accomplishing the return trip in 8 minutes.

As soon as he reached the shore, the cheers and shouting were almost deafening. M. Blondin, having been permitted an instant for refreshment, was seized by the enthusiastic crowd, and placed on their shoulders and borne about in triumph. He was then placed in a carriage and escorted through all the principal streets of the village, the crowd thronging around him on all sides, and cheering in the wildest manner. He did not appear very much exhausted, and manifested no more fear or nervousness than any ungymnastic novice would at eating his breakfast. He announces his determination to repeat his feat at intervals during the summer.

THE FEELING IN GERMANY.—The Frankfort correspondent of the Pennsylvanian, of this city, explains as follows the strong feeling in Germany against Louis Napoleon:—

The progress of trade and commerce in the most civilized countries of the Continent is impeded, obstructed, and is suffering depression, not to say stagnation. There is scarcely any business doing; little or no trade; the new money institutions are tottering; manufactories are closed and the operatives thrown out of employment; labor in the mines has stopped; on the farms they lack hands for the approaching harvest, every young man having already been called out under arms, or ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice. This is the present deplorable state of things in Germany.

Not only in Prussia, but everywhere else, every man, married or not, is pressed into the service; this of itself is a sufficient reason to bring business of every kind to a stand-still; reason enough to induce these same compulsory soldiers to curse Louis Napoleon as the author and instigator of all these ponderous evils which have been entailed upon them and their families, and to demand to be allowed to make an end of their troubles by marching headlong to Paris, and to inflict a severe punishment upon these frivolous and never quiet Frenchmen, the civilized rowdies called Chasseurs de Vincennes, Zouaves, Turcos, and so on, who dislike to see Europe engaged in the pursuits of peace, the only true means to propagate civilization and liberty. "Let us give them another sound thrashing;" such is the cry of our German soldiers; "take away their new Attila and send him, not to Elba or St. Helena, but to his own beloved Cayenne, and place the French nation, which is so fond of being ruled by force and arms (*vi et armis,*) for a time under the more humane government of a German soldier, who would by and by initiate them again into the quiet arts of peace and freedom."

Indeed, the hatred against Napoleon is intense. People here cannot see a solitary good reason for the war in Italy, other than the vaulting ambition of the French Emperor and his constant fear about a revolution, to guard against which he needs to acquire fresh glory. The other day a poor Prussian "*Landwehr*" man, who had been called out for service, made his appearance before the colonel of his regiment, accompanied by his wife and children, and presented the latter as so many reasons for being sent home and allowed to remain there undisturbed. The colonel had no power to dismiss him, the only regular mode for this, but a very circuitous one, being to petition the government in the matter. The *Landwehr* man then resigned himself to his lot, only asking a furlough for a fortnight. When questioned as to his reasons for desiring it, he said: "I want only to go to Paris and kill the man who precipitates me, my family, and all poor people, into such terrible misery." "Better that we march together," the colonel thought, but did not say so, because his chief commander, the Prince of Prussia, perhaps intends to give a different order for his army. Meanwhile our soldiers, our militia or *Landwehr men*, give vent to their anger and fury by destroying the pictures and busts representing Napoleon, whose portraits are very common in Germany, especially in Southern Germany and in Rhenish Prussia, the likenesses of this man bringing the recollection and association of horrible suffering, fighting and misery for the whole Fatherland.

NEWS ITEMS.

"Austrian Atrocities."—"Give a dog a bad name" is an adage familiar to the world, and the Austrians are experiencing the proof of it. The Italian and French papers are filled with acts of outrage committed by the Austrians, some of which have a very amusing origin. The French recently accused them of demanding pretty women to be given up to the rapacity of the soldiers. It appears that the Austrian officers asked for "belladonna" for the sick soldiers; the French more familiar with pretty women than the poisonous plants of the pharmacopœia, translated the phrase *jolie femme* (pretty woman), and created a vast amount of indignation against their enemy.

Mr. Alfred Janeen, of Le Claire, Illinois, died a few days ago from the sting of a bee. He was a wealthy and cultivated young Englishman, and was stung in the neck by a common bee.

A Strong Man in Iowa.—The McGregor (Iowa) Times, commenting on the feats of strength said to be performed by Dr. Windship, of Roxbury, Mass., says: "We have seen Andy Gaffny, of McGregor, lift, for the fun of the thing, over one thousand pounds at a square lift, and he tells us that he can lift twelve hundred pounds without any straps, machinery, or other advantages. Andy don't think he is the strongest man in America, but he can pick up the weight of the Boston champion, with the champion on top of it. Boston is a smart place for its size, though."

A Citizen of Chicago in the Austrian Army.—It is stated, (we know not on what authority,) that Mr. Joseph Pollock, a well-known citizen of Chicago, Ill., who for many years carried on the butchering business there—and who some months ago went to Austria to arrange some matters in relation to the estate of a deceased relative—has been forced by his former sovereign to become a soldier in the Austrian army.

What is a Legal Tender?—The following are the provisions of the United States law prescribing a "legal tender:" Gold coins and silver dollars for all sums; half dollars and smaller silver coins for sums not over five dollars; and three-cent pieces for sums not over thirty cents. No provision is made for cents, which may therefore be refused.

Spruce Gum for Chewing.—The Bangor (Me.) Whig, has been told by a druggist of that city, that he has bought of a farmer in Aroostook county 5,391 pounds of spruce gum during the past year.

Poisoning from Glazed Fruit Jars.—Several members of the family of Mr. Fikes, of Centreville, Cumberland county, Pa., have been suffering for some time past from lead poisoning. They had been using preserves put up in the common earthenware jars, and as the preserves fermented, they had absorbed the poison. Some of the persons attacked are still in a precarious situation.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—58 head E McQuaid, Ohio, 9@11; 57 I Abrahams, Va, 10½@11; 100 D W Bradley, Ills, 9@11; 91 W Fuller, Washington co, 9@11, 13 A L Corsney, Md, inferior, 3@4; 56 J Kahn, Kent co, Del, 8@10; 24, Richer, Westmoreland co, 9@10½; 30 J Stewart, Mifflin co, 8@9; 35 Hamaker & Hackman, Lancaster co, 8@10; 17 A Reidebaugh, Chester co, 9@11, 30 Sanderson & Co, by McCleas, Va, 9½@10½; 40 J Donald, Ohio, 11. Sheep—Between 5 and 6000 head arrived and sold during the week at 4@4½c ₩ lb, gross weight, for good Sheep.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—7 head J Penick, Chester co, 9½@11; 40 S Clark, Washington co, 9@10½; 36 J McConnell, Ohio, 9@10½, 10 S Knox, Lancaster co, 9@10½; 58 Coehran & McFillin, Md, 9@10½; 46 G W Adams, sold by Seldomridge, Ohio, 9@10½; 30 Kimble & Kirk, Chester co, 9@10½.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 6 " coupon '74	113⅝	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	97	98
" " new	102½	—
" 5 "	—	84½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	65	72
" County "	—	—
R R issue	—	42
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	94	94½
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—
" 5 " coupon	72	75
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana Stated pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	81½	82
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	140
Philadelphia	114	115
Far & Mec	86½	89
Commercial	484	484
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	35½	—
Southwark	69	—
P Township	55	—
Kensington	64	66
Girard	46	47
Western	—	68
Man & Mech	25½	26
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	52½	—
City	44	45½
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	20	21
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	—	56
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	121	—
Northern "	132	133
Louisville "	119	114½
Farmers' "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	109	110
Planters "	119	120
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	—	25
Lehigh Zinc	½	1½
New Creek	½	—
New Granada	—	1
N America Ins'ce 15½	—	—
N Liberties Gas	—	25
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	89
Bonds	92	—
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	100½	—
2nd "	87½	87½
stock		
Interest off	30½	30½
Cam & Amboy 8 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	123	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	81½	—
mort 6's '44	92	94
" 6's '88	79	79½
stock	20½	21
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87	89
stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan '80	92	—
Chesa'k R R. 7's	44½	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	72
2d "	48	48
stock	6½	7
Catawissa	4½	5
Beaver Meadow stock	59	61
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penna R R stock	6	—
6 pr ct loan	64½	64½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	50½	51
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	58	60
Man and Lan R R stock	56½	—
bonds '75	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	16	17
Long Island R R stock	103	104
bonds	91	93
Erie R R stock	6	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	89½	90
Michigan Southern 6		
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	—	69
loan 6 pr ct	75	78
stock	8	—
preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	42	43½
" 6 pr ct scrip	—	90
Morris Conse'd preferred	30½	35
Chesa & Del bonds	101	—
Union "	77½	—
bonds	2	2½
Susq & Tidewater bonds 1778	29	31
	2½	4
	38	55

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 2, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solv bks par to ½ dis	Solvent banks ½ dis
Relief notes ½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
NEW JERSEY.	Solv bks ½ dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis	ALABAMA.
DELAWARE.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis	MISSISSIPPI.
MARYLAND.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ½ dis	LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.	OHIO.
Solv bks par to ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MAINE.	KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	INDIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis	State bank ½ dis
VERMONT.	ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
CONNECTICUT.	MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	TENNESSEE.
Solv bks ½ dis	Old banks 2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	MICHIGAN.
Solv bks ½ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
VIRGINIA.	WISCONSIN.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks 2 dis
Dist. of COLUMBIA.	TEXAS.
Solv bks ½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank,
NORTH CAROLINA.	Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	CANADA.
	Solv bks 1 dis

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The languid condition of the Flour market, which we have recorded for weeks past still continues. There is little or no shipping demand, and the supply being in excess of the inquiry, some holders have been more anxious to realize, and prices have again fallen off 37c ₩ bbl. Sales of 900 bbls mixed and good brands Superfine at $6,50@6,62½; 600 bbls do on private terms; 3000 bbls Extra, part at $6,62½@6,75, and part on private terms. The sales to the home trade have been to a fair extent at $6,50@8 ₩ bbl for common and fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly and the stock is very small, but the demand is quite limited. Sales of 150 bbls at $4,50 ₩ bbl, at which figure it is freely offered. Corn Meal has been very dull, and the stock has somewhat accumulated. Sales of 100 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,75, which is a decline of 25c ₩ bbl; and 50 puncheons, 500 bbls Brandywine on terms kept private.

GRAIN continues to have a downward tendency. The market here has been exceedingly dull, although the offerings have been small, and prices sympathising with the downward movement in Flour, have again receded 5@7c ₩ bus. Sales of 8000 bus fair and prime Red at $1,50@1,60, and White at $1,65@1,70. Prices at the close were still comparatively above those of Flour, and most of the city millers have ceased grinding for the present. Supplies of the *new crop* will commence coming forward this week. Rye has met a limited inquiry, and prices have again declined 3c ₩ bus. Sales of 6000 bus Pennsylvania, chiefly at 87c, afloat. Corn—The receipts have been liberal since our last notice from the South, but from the interior supplies come forward slowly. There has been very little demand, and we again reduce our quotations 3@5c ₩ bus. Sales of 21,000 bus Yellow at 83, 81@80c—closing at 82c, afloat at which rate most of the transactions were affected. Buckwheat has again been unsettled, the inquiry having fallen off, and the supply being far in excess of the demand. Sales of 900 bus at 70c to $1—closing at 80@85c. Oats have been in fair supply, but the demand has been quite limited, and prices are unsettled and lower. Sales of 4000 bus at 43@47c for Pennsylvania, and 42@47c for Delaware and Maryland—closing at our lowest figures.

PROVISIONS—There is a better feeling in the market, and more inquiry for Bacon and Green Meats. The stock of Pork is small, and Mess is held at $18, with limited sales. Sales of 400 bbls Western Mess on terms kept private. Prime ranges from $14 to $16. City Packed Mess Beef sells for ship's stores at $18@20. Bacon—There is more inquiry, and prices are decidedly firmer. Sales of 300 casks plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 10@12c; 120 casks Sides at 9½c, now held at 10c; 400 casks Western Shoulders at 7½c, 60 days; and city smoked do, at 7½@8c. Green Salted Meats meet a moderate inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained, with light receipts and stocks. Sales of 220 tcs Hams, in pickle, at 10c; 150 do in dry salt at 8½c, and 200 tcs Shoulders at 7½@7½c ₩ lb, 60 days, now held at 7½c. Lard remains without change, the receipts being light, and the demand limited. Sales of Western, in bbls, at 13c, and 300 kegs at 15½c, 60 days. Butter continues dull, and solid packed and Western command 9@12c for old and new. 20,800 lbs grease Butter sold at 7½@8c, cash. Cheese—Sales of 500 boxes prime New York at 9@9½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—The late intelligence from abroad has had but little effect upon the Cotton market. The sales for the week foot up 800 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 10c for low grade, up to 12½c, cash, for middling fair, including some Gulfs at 10½@13½c ₩ lb, on time, and samples at 10@10½c. A lot of 30 bales repacked sold at 8½c, cash.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron Bark, at the decline noted last week. Sales of 30 hhds No. 1 at $27,50 ₩ ton. The receipts and stocks are light. Tanner's Bark has been abundant and dull. Sales of Chestnut at $10, and Spanish at $13 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX—There is but little offering. We quote Yellow at 36@37c ₩ lb, cash.

COFFEE—The market has been firm, but the demand has been quite moderate. Sales of 2,200 bags Rio at 10½@11½c; 200 bags St. Domingo at 10c; and 200 bags Laguayra at 11½c, on time.

COPPER is very dull. Sales of English Sheathing at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 20c, 6 mos, which is a decline. 8,000 lbs old Copper sold at 22c.

FEATHERS have been but little inquired after, and good Western sells only in a small way at 45@47c ₩ lb, short time.

FRUIT of all kinds has been dull. Dried Apples are selling slowly at 8½@8¾c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches are nominally held at 7@12c for unpared quarters and halves, and 12@15c for pared, according to quality. Cherries are very abundant, and sell from 3 to 4c ₩ lb. Blackberries are beginning to come forward, and range from 37½ to 62½c ₩ bushel. A few lots of Green Apples have been received from the South, which command $2@2,50 ₩ bbl.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₩ lb $2@2,50; do, Rocky Mt, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin 15@20c; Nutria, 30@45; Raccoon, 25@60c.

HEMP—There is no stock of American here in first hands, and no sales have been reported.—The last sales of Jute were at $87,50 ₩ ton, 6 mos.

HIDES are held firmly. There are now but few left in first hands. A lot of 120 bales Calcutta Kips sold on terms not made public.

HOPS have met a very limited inquiry. Sales of new Eastern and Western from 10 to 16c, as in quality.

IRON—The market continues exceedingly dull, and to effect sales some concession from the present asking rates would have to be acceded to. Sales of 200 tons from store at $23, $22 and $21 ₩ ton, 6 mos for the three numbers.

LEAD continues dull, and no further sales have come under our notice.

LUMBER—There is a fair trade doing, with a moderate inquiry for most descriptions. White Pine Boards sell freely at $15 ₩ M feet. Susquehanna Yellow Pine range from $15 to $19, as in quality. Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards command $16@17. Laths are selling at $1,50@1,55. There are but few Pickets offering.

MOLASSES—Supplies come forward slowly, but the market has been extremely quiet. Sales of 205 hhds Cardenas at 24½c, 4 mos.

SPIRITS—There is a fair trade doing. N E Rum is worth 36@37c. Whiskey is in limited demand. Sales of Ohio bbls, which are scarce, at 28c; Penna do at 26½@27c; Prison at 27@27½c; hhds at 24c, and drudge at 25½@26c.

SUGAR—The improvement noted at the close of last week in the Sugar market has been maintained, the trade as well as the refiners having purchased less freely. Sales of 60 hhds Cuba at $5,87½@6,50, 30 hhds New Orleans at $6,87½@7,25, and some Porto Rico at $7, on time; 500 boxes Havana brown and yellow sold at $6,50@7,75.

SEEDS—Timothy is dull and prices are unsettled and lower. Sales of 200 bush at $2. The demand for Cloverseed has been moderate. Sales of 300 bush at $5,25@5,75 ₩ 64 lbs for fair and prime quality. Flaxseed comes in slowly and brings $1,62@1,65 ₩ bush. There have been no further arrivals of Calcutta Linseed. About 6000 bags sold at $1,60@1,67½ cash.

TALLOW continues scarce; City Rendered at 11½c, cash: country Rendered commands 11c

TOBACCO—There is some inquiry for the better grades of Manufactured, but Leaf generally has been dull. The advices from Virginia, as well as from Kentucky, state that better prices are being realized there for Manufactured descriptions.

WOOL—The new clip is coming in more freely, and the market has been very inactive during the present week, buyers manifesting no disposition to take hold, except in a small way, and the sales are light at 38@40c for common, 44@45c for medium, and 50c nett for fine fleece.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 2.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is steady—sales of 4000 bbls at $5,40@5,90 for State, $6,25@6,70 for Ohio, and $6,25@6,75 for Southern. Wheat is very dull, but the quotations are nominally unchanged. Corn is also very dull, but unchanged in price. Pork is dull at $16@16,12½ for Mess. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

☞ A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said: "That star you see up there is bigger than this world."—"No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Then, why don't it keep the rain off."

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MOSQUITOES.—An Antidote for the poison of mosquitoes, bees, wasps, and other annoying insects has been found in BURNETT'S KALLISTON, prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co. This preparation contains a peculiar property, which instantly neutralizes the poison, and allays the inflammation caused by bites and stings of insects.—*Boston Journal.*

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. William H. Pitt, of Philadelphia, to Miss R. Jane Gaskill, of West Creek, Ocean county, N. J.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. W. T. Bunker, Mr. John P. Peyle, to Miss Hannah M. Fleck, both of this city.

On the 2d of April, by the Rev. F. D. Ladd, Amos J. Sexton, M. D. formerly of N. Y. city, to Miss Willie C. Kennedy, daughter of W. Kennedy, Esq. of this city.

On the 14th of Feb. by the Rev. P. Coombe, William H. Lancaster, to Mary Wilson, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Jeremiah H. Reed, to Cecelia V. Merkel, daughter of the late S. Merkel, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, A. Harry Fuller, to Miss Marie A. Solliday, daughter of D. Solliday, Esq. both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. A. W. Sproul, Leonard F. Leuenwalden, of Camden, N. J. to Anna E. daughter of Jas. Riddle, Esq. of Chester, Pa.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Brysdale, Mr. William H. Boake, to Miss Mary A. Crooks, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, Mary Jane, wife of Wm H. Scudder, aged 29 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Arthur P. Armatage, aged 35 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, aged 63 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Henry L. Thorn, aged 35 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Sarah S. wife of Wm. Yardley.

On the 24th ultimo, Miss Ann Detweiler, aged 64 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Margaret Jones, aged 17 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Emmeline L. Collom, aged 25 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. George T. Collin, aged 57 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Brown, aged 64.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Anne Sherwin, aged 66 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Mary McCusker, aged 85 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Robert Collins, aged 56.

On the 28th ultimo, William H. Simmons, aged 55 years.

On the 29th ultimo, at Camden, N. J., George H. Ward, aged 32 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Isaac D. Budd, Jr. aged 20.

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As it is our aim to render this publication as PERFECT as possible, REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE, we have secured the co-operation of the AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, which, composed of all the Bank Note Engraving firms in the country, has guaranteed to furnish as CORRECT PROOFS of every Bank Note which now is, or which may hereafter be put in circulation; and has delegated a suitable person as their REPRESENTATIVE TO SECURE by his supervision the ENTIRE CORRECTNESS of our work, as well as the PUBLIC and THEMSELVES against any IMPROPER USE of the BANK NOTE PROOFS.

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The work will be arranged in alphabetical order, (the most simple arrangement possible for reference,) commencing with the Bank Notes of the city of Boston Banks, and State of Massachusetts; then of the banks of the other New England States; then of the Middle, Western and Southern States, and Canada, in regular succession.

The new notes of new banks, as fast as they appear in circulation, and also all alterations of notes of banks now in existence, will be issued in the same style with this work, in a weekly or monthly extra, and in this manner the public will always be kept fully advised in regard to the entire circulation of the genuine paper currency of the country.

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"*My dear Papa and Mamma*—

"At the request of my Preceptor, I take an opportunity of writing you a few lines of my own composition, and consisting of remarks on a subject of interest which has presented itself to me in the course of my studies.

"Laurance Junior's parents, the other day, sent him a cake—that surest token of paternal and maternal affection. It was wrapped up in a newspaper called the Morning Post, in which I read a singular account of a horse-race at a place named Newmarket, signed with the name of 'Argus.'

"Argus was the son of Arestor, whence he was sometimes called Arestorides, on the same principle, my beloved parents, I believe, as that on which is formed the well known name of Johnson, which originally signified John's son, or the son of John; being what the learned denominate a patronymic. Argus married Ismene, the daughter of Asopus, son of the heathen deity Neptune, and the tutelar divinity of a river in Thessaly. The poets represented Argus with a hundred eyes, thus elegantly adorning with the garb of fiction, the fact that he was always uncommonly wide awake. I am at a loss to explain how this peculiarity occasioned the adoption of his name by a writer whose observations relate principally to the subject of horses.

"Among those observations I encountered the following extraordinary passage:—

"'Mr. Merry, who was not present, stood a monkey on his mare, whose condition was quite as good as her opportunity.'

"I have devoted several moments of leisure to the consideration of this passage, which contains an expression of extremely doubtful propriety. Let us, my dear parents, endeavor to analyse this very remarkable phrase. What may we imagine to be the meaning of the statement that Mr. Merry 'stood a monkey on his mare.'

"The lower orders, with whose idioms, I have thought it my duty to acquaint myself, only, believe me, in order that I may carefully avoid them, are accustomed to talk of standing an object in a position—for example, standing the poker in the corner, or standing the pewter vessel on the mantel-piece. This is incorrect. Instead of saying I stood the poker in the corner, we should say I placed the instrument so called in that situation—should we not?

"May we, therefore, conjecture that, when Argus stated that Mr. Merry stood a monkey on his mare, he intended to describe the gentleman in question as having, with a view to create diversion, placed an animal of that mischievous disposition and ridiculous appearance on the mare's back? If this supposition is correct, the sport of horse-racing must surely be regarded as consisting, in part at least, of very puerile absurdity, and we shall be inclined to suspect that the name of Mr. Merry is an abbreviation of that of Mr. Merriman.

"The above conjecture is, however, irreconcileable with the general correctness of Argus in point of grammar; which is the more striking from the consideration, that persons who are conversant with the stable are exceedingly apt to contract the style of conversation which characterises those who are employed in it. This contagion, however, he has not, I fear, entirely escaped. There is too much reason to apprehend, that in the passage under consideration, he uses the word 'stand,' not, indeed, ungrammatically, but as a cant expression. I have ascertained that, in the language of the populace, to stand a measure of porter, for instance, means to undertake the responsibility of paying for it; to stand, as it were, sponsor for that quantity of liquor.

"I imagine, therefore, the meaning of Argus to be, that Mr. Merry rendered himself responsible for something called a monkey, which, I fear, is another popular synonym, and signifies a sum of money. My Preceptor informs me that the vocabulary of persons who frequent horse races, and are in the habit of laying wagers, abounds with similar expressions, which are also commonly employed by all those classes that devote themselves to the acquisition of wealth by other means than those of industry.

"I trust, my dearest parents, that a scrupulous purity of language will always accompany and correspond to that refined morality, to practise which will ever be the undeviating aim of your affectionate and obedient child, Joseph Pusch."

"P. S. Enclosed is a little sketch, which I trust will attest the progress I have made in my drawing. It is the portrait of my venerable Preceptor. Perhaps I need not observe that old Windus has not perused this concluding portion of my epistle; to which I will only add that I am hard up, having been regularly cleaned out at 'Heads and Tails,' and I hope, Governor, you'll fork out; and please, Mother, send us some grub. Joe."

—*London Punch.*

A Hard Story.—Old Colonel B——, of Amherst county, Virginia, an indefatigable spinner of "hunting yarns," being one day in company of several of his friends, boasted that he had a few days before killed a large buck by shooting him through the hoof of one of his hind-feet, the ball passing out at his forehead. Of course some doubts as to the possibility of performing such a feat arose in the minds of his hearers; whereupon the Colonel called upon his old body-servant, "Bob," to verify his statement. This Bob did, by saying that "as the deer raise he foot to scratch he head massa's bullet pass through hole." A short time after, when the company had dispersed, Bob turned to the Colonel, and exclaimed, "For Hebben's sake, massa, whenever you tell anudder such a big lie prease to not scatter dem so; for I tell you what, sir, I had mighty hard work to bring um togeder!"

☞ A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries:—"Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb." Their house will undoubtedly be full of cobwebs.

Station House Mistaken for a Hotel.—Last evening a man full six feet high, direct from the interior, entered the seventeenth ward station house, and with an air of considerable self-complaisance, walked up to the desk and said he wanted to register his name. The large book was handed him, and he wrote the name Lyman Clue. Turning to the door-keeper he asked for his lodgings, and throwing his satchel at one of the sergents, said:

"Take my baggage."

Sergeant Bravoort told the door-keeper that, as the stranger seemed to be a respectable man, he should have a room to himself. The door keeper took him below and opened a cell, which he informed him he could occupy. The stranger's eyes grew wide and wild at the prospect.

"Queer hotel, this," said he; "bed-rooms in the cellar!"

"Rather queer," replied the door-keeper.

"Looks like a jail," said the stranger.

"Very much," responded the door-keeper.

"Arn't it a jail?" asked the stranger.

"It *are* a jail," replied the door-keeper, who, unable to restrain his mirth, burst into a laugh which made the basement ring.

The stranger rushed up stairs, and without saying a word seized his satchel and ran off, the sergeant remarking to him as he went out, that Capt. Hartt was a good man, but "couldn't keep a hotel."—*N. Y. Post.*

Justices of the Peace.—"Down on the river, in the south-eastern portion of our county, lives Squire ——, a worthy citizen, and a man of mark in the neighborhood. He is *the* Squire, and does up marrying, the deeds, and law business generally. He is a clever, whole-hearted little man, the father of a large family, and would be complete were it not for one slight drawback—*he has no legs.*

"He lives in a box, in which he eats, sleeps, dispenses justice, and travels about. It has pole handles, by which it is 'toted' and lifted about by the neighbors. Now the Squire was once a witness at court in a neighboring county, and on his arrival at the county seat was carried to the court-house by the folks about the tavern where he had 'put up.' As the 'sedan' was entering the house, a chap, who was standing on the steps, exclaimed to a companion,

"'Golly! Jake, look'ee there! What's that?'

"'A man,' was the reply.

"'A man! Who the deuce is he?'

"'Oh, it's Squire ——, a justice of the peace over in —— county.'

"'A justice of the peace! Why, *he's got no legs!*'

"'Well, that's nothing,' said the other. 'We elected a fellow a squire in our township, last spring, *who hadn't any head!*'"

Matthews's Umbrella.—Matthews was always sprucely dressed, and fond of a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly in his habits. He was generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton parachute. After Munden had left the stage, Matthews met him one day in Covent Garden.

"Ah, Munden," said Matthews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer!"

"Certainly, my dear boy," replied Joe Munden; "we'll exchange umbrellas."

Matthews was so taken by storm that Munden walked off with a new umbrella!

Agricultural.

Feed for Horses.—The London Omnibus Company, says an exchange, have recently made a report on the feeding of horses which discloses some interesting facts. It seems that the company uses no less than 6,000 horses; 3,000 of this number have for their feed bruised oats and cut hay and straw, and the other 3,000 get whole oats and hay. The allowance accorded to the first was—bruised oats 16 lbs.; cut hay, 7½ lbs.; cut straw, 2½ lbs. The allowance accorded to the second—unbruised oats, 19 lbs.; uncut hay, 13 lbs. The bruised oats, cut hay and cut straw amounted to 26 lbs., and the unbruised oats, &c., to 32 lbs. The horse which had bruised oats, with cut hay and straw, consumed 26 lbs. per day, and it appears that it could do the same work as well, and was kept in as good condition, as the horse which received 32 lbs. per day. Here was a saving of 6 lbs. a day on the feeding of each horse receiving bruised oats, cut hay, and cut straw. The advantage of bruised oats and cut hay over unbruised oats and uncut hay is estimated at 5 cents per day on each horse, amounting to $300 per day for the company's 6,000 horses. It is by no means an unimportant result with which this experiment has supplied us. To the farmer who expends a large sum in the support of horse power, there are two points this experiment clearly establishes, which in practice must be profitable; first, the saving of food to the amount of 6 pounds a day; and, secondly, no loss of horse power arising from that saving.

Remedy for Rust in Wheat.—The Indiana Farmer proposes to head the rust by prompt cutting. It says:—"When nature is bent on rusting the wheat, man can always prevent the evils of rust, and, if we understand the signs of the times, it is important that we consider *how* we may do this. Cut it down immediately, is our remedy. Not only cut it down, but see that it cures, after it is cut. The rust is a fermentation of the sap, and to arrest it actual drying of the straw is required. In order to do this have everything ready to begin, at least two weeks before harvest time. Watch the weather, watch the wheat. A very slight discoloration of the straw may occur without material injury to the grain; but when it is manifest the grain is to suffer, muster all the available force, and separate the stalk from the earth, as soon as possible. When the process of rusting is established, the formation of milk, sap or grain-food has ceased, and degeneration of the sap progresses. When the wheat stalk is cut off from the ground the sap ceases to circulate, the stalk dries, shrinks, and thus throws the milk-sap back toward the grain. Let every farmer sleep with his armor on, for, just as sure as the sun shines, there is money in wheat this year!"

A SEA-SHORE INCIDENT.

An elegant row about a bathing house.

HAY AND HAY-MAKING.

Of the importance of the hay crop we need scarcely remark—save that its value exceeds that of any other product of the northern section of our country. That this value might be largely increased without extending the area devoted to grass, or giving more time to its manufacture into hay, can scarcely be doubted; for the value of hay, as food for stock, accords with the care and judgment bestowed on its making, and the difference between hay and straw is not so much in the plants themselves, as in the stage of growth in which they are cut, and the curing they receive. One farmer may keep his stock in thriving, fattening order through the winter, while another, although he feeds the product of more acres of meadow, shall find them constantly failing in condition. The first has hay made in the best manner, and "of such a quality, that a given quantity of it will produce nearly as many pounds of meat or milk, as the grass itself would have produced if eaten in a green state."

In what stage of the growth of grass it shall be cut, and the manner in which it shall be cured, have long been acknowledged questions important to the practical farmer, though as yet no decisions in which all acquiesce, have made any one practice the general one. Some cut in the season of flowering before the blossoms have fallen; others not until the seed has formed; and others still defer the operation (with some grasses) until it is fully ripe. Some cure by exposure to the sun, as rapidly as possible; others seek to perform the same process with the smallest expenditure of labor; and others still would keep the hay as fully shaded as may be while drying. Each class bring arguments to sustain their methods of procedure, both in cutting and curing; but to our mind, chemistry and practical analogy teach us valuable lessons on the subject, which, in a condensed form, we shall attempt to present to the reader. We may state that our attention was first drawn particularly to the subject, ten years since, by an article in the Cultivator, giving extracts from a scientific report made by Dr. Thompson for the British Royal Agricultural Society.

Chemistry shows us that all plants contain the largest amount of matter soluble in water, at the period of flowering, and that the sugar and gluten of the grass, and a few other soluble ingredients, constitute its chief value as food for animals. These rapidly diminish as the seed forms, changing into insoluble, woody fibre, and the hay, which should as far as may be resemble grass in its most perfect state, is worth much less if not made until after that period. There are but few exceptions to this rule, but we believe the Kentucky Blue Grass, the June Grass, and some others which furnish but a light amount of stem, and are most valuable for their leaves, which continue growing through the summer, may stand past the flowering stage without loss.

The advocates of ripe hay bring as an argument in their favor, the fact that such hay yields the greatest amount of extract when boiled, and that therefore it must contain most nutriment. It is found, however, that boiling very imperfectly imitates the process of digestion, and experiments with the living animal confirm what chemical analysis teaches, that the best hay is that cut and *properly cured* at the period of blossoming.

That process of curing which shall most perfectly retain the nutritive properties present in the plant, is the best process. We do not wish to change or evaporate the juices of the grass, but only to dry out the water. In drying herbs for medicinal and culinary uses, the experience of many centuries teaches that *drying in the shade* is the only way to accomplish the desired object. In making hay, this cannot be entirely accomplished, but the plan which most nearly secures it—that of curing in the swarth and cock—is a good and safe one; advantageous only, as requiring less exposure to injury from rain than any other.

Clover hay and coarse herdsgrass especially need to be cured in the shade, as they bear little handling while dry, without loss of leaves and blossoms. When mowed, let the grass get fairly wilted and all external moisture dried off while in the swarth, with perhaps a single thorough shaking up and spreading, and then put into cocks, and it will be cured with very little loss of value. The partial fermentation or "sweating" which it undergoes, causes but slight change in its constituent parts—save that it separates the water therefrom—and after standing thus for twenty-four hours, it needs little or no after-tending to prepare it for storage, and has far less of that harsh and strawy character than it would possess if cured in a different manner. In curing by this method, care should be exercised that the hay is not put up before it is fully wilted, and that the cocks be small and well constructed, so that the sweating process be not carried to an excess, and induce so great a fermentation as to decompose the sugar of the hay, changing it to alcohol and carbonic acid, both of which soon evaporate.

The weather has a great influence on the value of the hay crop, but this we cannot long foresee, or at all control. If it should prove unfavorable and constantly changing, we have found that hay already cut had best remain in the swarth—retaining its value thus unstirred, much better than with repeated dryings and wettings. Nothing so injures hay as washing by rain, and this, if many times repeated, will totally destroy its value as food for animals.—The provision of hay-caps should not be neglected. These will often enable the farmer to secure hay in good order, which would otherwise be seriously injured. In getting in hay imperfectly cured, if it can be allowed to stand for twelve or fifteen hours in the load, it will become better fit for storing. It will probably heat slightly in that time, which will be arrested by the process of unloading, and leave the hay sufficiently cured for the mow.

Good tools and good workmen are essential to the economical performance of hay-making. There is more ease, as well as completeness, with the good workman in the performance of his labors, and good tools are also a great aid in these respects. Order and readiness in the whole round of preparation, give largely increased facilities for pushing forward this and all other farm operations. It is important to secure ample means to do everything as and when it should be, since so much depends on the right curing and securing of this great product. The general use of mowing machines and other labor-saving implements, render farmers to some degree independent of manual labor, often difficult to be secured, and always dear at this season of the year. These improvements will often enable the usual laborers of the farm to secure in good order, fifty acres of meadow more readily than they could have got in ten without their aid.—*Country Gentleman.*

Tanning Sheep Skins.—Take two long-wooled sheep skins, and make up a strong lather of soap; the sign of proper strength is when the lather feels slippery between the fingers. When the lather is cold wash the skins carefully in it, squeezing them between the hands so as to take all the dirt out of the wool. When this is accomplished, lift out the skins and wash them well in cold water until all the soap is extracted. Have a vessel of clean, cold water ready, to which some alum and salt (about half a pound) which have been dissolved in a small quantity of hot water, are added, and the skins left to steep all night. They are taken out in the morning and hung over a pole to drip. When all the alum water has dripped off they are spread out on a board to dry, and carefully stretched with the hand from time to time. Before they are thoroughly dry a composition of two tablespoonfuls of alum, and the same of saltpetre, are ground to powder in a mortar, or otherwise, and sprinkled carefully on the fleshy side of each skin. They are then placed the one on the top of the other, leaving the wool outside, and hung upon a rack of slats, in a barn, shed, or dry, airy place, for about three days, or until they are dry; they should be turned every day. After this they are taken down and the flesh side is scraped with a blunt knife, and each skin trimmed for a mat. The flesh side may then be rubbed over with pipe clay, beat with a switch, and will then be found supple, of a beautiful white color, and fit for a door mat for a mechanic or prince.

☞ The following, quoted from an old Norfolk trainer, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, describes graphically a treatment but too common now:—

"If your horse does not stand still, or hesitates, then skrate him with a terrible voyce; and beate him yourself with a good stieke upon the head between the eare; and then stieke him in the sparring place iii or iiii times together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legge might walk; your legge must go like two bouncing beetlee."

☞ Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.—*Bacon.*

Transplanting Plants.—Take common saucers, and fill them just full with rich earth; then cut circular slices of turnip an inch in thickness, but not quite so large over as the top of the saucer, cut a hole an inch in diameter through the turnip, lay it on the earth in the saucer, fill the whole with the same soil as in the saucer, plant your seeds in the hole, water the earth by pouring it into the saucer; capillary attraction will carry the water to the plant.

Now for the beauty of the thing; when you wish to transfer to the garden, prepare your hills, and slip all the contents of the saucer with a case knife into the hill, slice down the turnip on two sides, and let it remain, or take it away, as you please. Squashes, cucumbers and melons can be transplanted in this way without being checked at all in their growth. The whole process is so simple and so effectual, that I recommend it with entire confidence. The turnip serves to prop up the plant, while it prevents the evaporation of the water. You do less injury to the plant by pouring the water into the saucer, than by pouring it on the plant itself, while the fibrous roots have so incorporated themselves with the earth that it may be slid out of the saucers in a mass. Try it next year.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Two Receipts.—I send you two receipts, worth more to your farming readers, than the paper will cost during one's life time.

I. Remedy for the Hog Cholera.

Four pounds sulphur.
Four pounds Madder.
Two pounds saltpetre.
One pound black ammonia.

Mix together, and give a tablespoonful twice a day, in milk, gruel, or anything they will eat it in. Should they be too far gone to eat, drench them with it, and my word for it they will have no hog cholera.

II. For Poll Evil, Fistula, Warts and Corns.

Three gills alcohol.
One ounce aquafortis.
One ounce spirits turpentine.
One ounce corrosive sublimate.
One ounce camphor.
One viel oil of spike.
One ounce castile soap.

Mix together in a strong bottle, and shake well before using. Wash the affected parts well with the soap suds once a day, and apply the above preparation until it is cured—F. Pound, *Bullitt Co., Ky., in Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

Fly Preventives.—A correspondent of the *Australian Farm and Garden*, writes:—"Flies have a great antipathy to walnut leaves, a wreath of which will in a great degree prevent their entering a room. Laurel-oil is also an abomination to them. If spread upon picture frames it preserves them entirely from fly-spots. It is used in France upon the internal walls of butchers' shops, and has the effect of keeping them free from flies." And in another paper we find the following:—"Every merciful man who works a horse during the hot months can promote its comfort by the use of the following simple shield against the teazing of flies. Take two or three handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water, let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it is fit for use. Moisten a sponge with it, and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor."

Useful Medical Hint.—If a person swallow any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a large number of causes than any half a dozen medicines we can now think of, is a teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teacupful of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops. In cases of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in the cold water gives entire relief as instantaneously as lightning. Meanwhile, get some common dry flour, and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part the moment it emerges from the water, and keep on sprinkling the flour through anything like a pepper-box cover, so as to put on evenly. Do nothing else, drink nothing but water, eat nothing, until improvement commences, except some dry bread, softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burnings have been performed in this way, as wonderful as they are painless. We once saved the life of an infant which had been inadvertently drugged with laudanum, and which was fast sinking into the sleep which has no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes until it ceased to be drowsy.—*Medical Journal.*

To Make Graham Pudding.—Put six ounces of fresh butter and eight ounces of lump sugar, pounded, in a mortar. Then grate in the rind of a Seville orange; beat the whole well together, and, as you do this, gradually add eight eggs well beaten and strained. Scrape a hard apple, and mix it with the other ingredients. Put paste at the bottom of the dish, put in the mixture, and then put over it cross bars of paste. Half an hour will be sufficient to bake it.

☞ A certain official, connected with the administration of the mercantile marine, did not hesitate to avail himself of the advantages offered by his position. The master of a merchant vessel, having need of his good offices, sent in to him a bale of coffee. The servant placed it before his master. "What is this?" "A bale of coffee, of which Captain A—— asks your acceptance." "Good," replied his master, "leave it here, and go and tell Captain A—— that I never take my coffee without sugar." The captain was not slow in despatching some sugar to sweeten the coffee.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 1, 10, 17, 42, 48, 37, 20, 26, 35, 45, was the daughter of Eetion, King of Thebes, and wife of Hector.

My 2, 42, 12, 10, 14, 45, 32, was one of the Cyclops.

My 3, 35, 7, 20, was one of the names of Cybele.

My 4, 32, 24, 23, was an Egyptian goddess.

My 5, 1, 46, 41, 7, was the daughter of Acrisius and mother of Perseus.

My 6, 22, 46, 4, 24, were spirits, demons, or guardian angels, who presided over the birth and life of men.

My 7, 3, 41, 14, 48, was one of the Muses.

My 8, 22, 6, 9, 42, 20, was one of the Naries.

My 9, 26, 15, 12, was the daughter of Aer, or Air, and Tellus, who pined away through love for Narcissus.

My 10, 31, 37, 45, 23, 4, 33, was the goddess of vengeance.

My 11, 30, 24, 11, 27, 25, was a powerful sea-god and Neptune's trumpeter.

My 12, 30, 31, 1, 5, 32, were nymphs of the mountains.

My 13, 18, 8, 27, 25, 4, 38, was the goddess of woodlands and groves.

My 14, 24, 47, 38, 25, was one of the giants who warred against heaven.

My 15, 7, 29, 47, 48, 3, was the most valiant of the Trojans, slain by Achilles.

My 17, 4, 29, 49, 1, was the goddess of hunting.

My 19, 38, 23, 33, 41, 42, 24, 17, 45, 39, were votaries of Bacchus.

My 20, 14, 9, was the goddess of discord.

My 21, 15, 22, 37, 4, 32, was the goddess of justice.

My 23, 21, 40, 16, 49, 36, was one of the Gorgons.

My 24, 27, was one of the names of Iris.

My 25, 4, 48, 44, 7, was the daughter of Tantalus and wife of Amphion.

My 26, 1, 29, 21, 12, 42, was a son of Jupiter and Leda.

My 27, 3, 24, 27, 16, was a mighty giant.

My 28, 20, 4, 38, 17, 33, were nymphs of streams and fountains.

My 29, 39, 1, 26, 31, 23, were three goddesses, represented to be beautiful, modest virgins, and constant attendants on Venus.

My 32, 24, 42, 16, 49, 39, were three sea-nymphs, famed for the sweetness of their voices.

My 35, 45, 3, 9, 9, 33, is the Greek name of Mercury.

My 37, 48, 38, 23, was the daughter of Nox.

My 38, 7, 29, 4, 22, was the shield of Jupiter.

My 40, 31, 19, 18, was the goddess of youth.

My 41, 5, 12, 25, 4, 38, was a beautiful youth, beloved by Venus.

My 44, 36, 3, 16, 29, 33, was the son of Astræus and Aurora.

My 48, 26, 9, 1, 10, 24, 17, 7, 23, were nymphs; three thousand in number.

My 49, 45, 32, 11, 27, 43, was the son of Neleus and Chloris, and King of Pylus and Messenia.

My whole is a "great national work!" and the name of its compiler.

Kenosha, Wis. EGBERT, M. P.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first in heaven was declared,
Between the angels there of old;
And many a mortal since has dared
My pains and dangers manifold.

My second is a bird of prey,
With roving eyes to keenly scan;
To heights sublime it soars away,
Far o'er the homes and haunts of man.

A chieftain once, a warrior brave
My whole has been, my brethren know,
Who look with sorrow on my grave,
Near where Missouri's waters flow.

Kilgore, O—— A. PEABODY.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

If my first you chance to guess,
You'll have a word that will express
What you do when my whole you take;
My next's a word of letters three,
Which every reader soon can see,—
And of it a prefix make.

At the restaurant in city gay,
Or in the country far away,
My whole you can procure;
Enough already has been told,
So that its name you can unfold,
If you but try, I'm sure.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Three men, A, B and C, reap a field of wheat for $52. A reaps twice as much as B; and twice what B reaps, diminished by 5 acres, equals what C reaps;—C receiving 5/11 as much as A. How many acres did each reap?

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a chimney-sweep like a lucky player at whist? Ans.—Because he has the suit (soot?) in his own hands.

☞ If you promenade the beach on a windy day, of what organ note are you reminded? Ans.—The C swell (sea-swell), to be sure.

☞ It is with some reluctance we present our readers with the following miserable specimen of perverted ingenuity: Why is a bigamist like a pig? Ans.—Because he has a spare rib!

☞ Why are pastry cooks dangerous citizens? Ans.—Because they want to raise pie-rates.

☞ Why is it pleasant to be late at a ball? Ans.—Because it is past time (pastime).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Central High School, of Philadelphia. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—All is well that ends well. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—McKendree College, Lebanon, Illinois. CHARADE—Indiana (Ind-Die-Anna)—Annapolis. CHARADE—Codrington. CHARADE—Matrimony (Mat rye money). ANAGRAMS—Dickens, Moore, Hemans, Howitt, Milton, Arthur, Thackeray, Sigourney, Curtis, Bulwer, Denison, James. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—13.9484.